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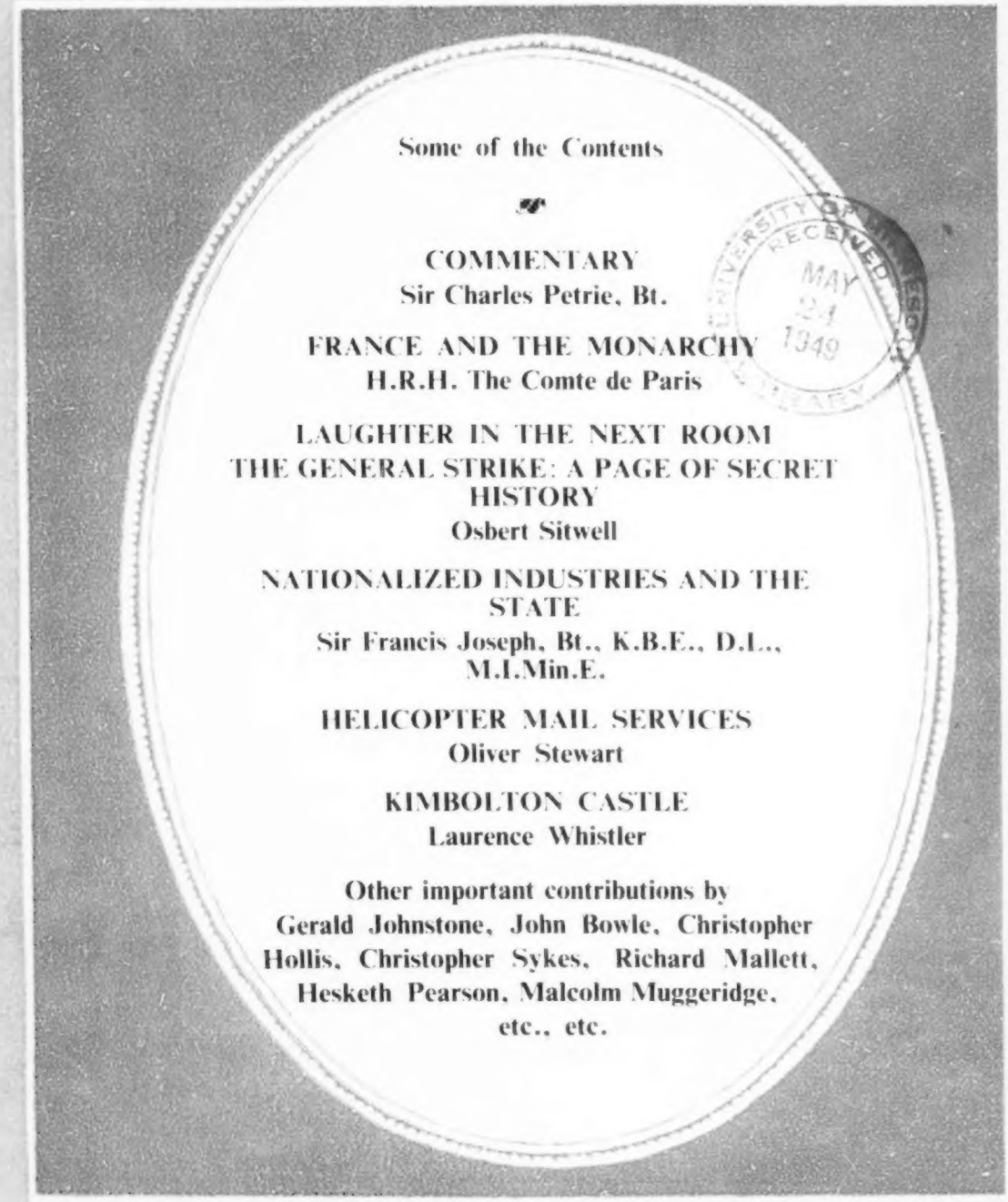

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NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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MAY COMMENTARY

THE conclusion of the North Atlantic Pact is clearly an event of importance, but exactly of what importance remains to be seen. The optimist will rejoice in the analogy with the agreement reached between Austria and the Western Powers which curbed the ambitions of Russia after the Napoleonic wars, and he will insist that the present document provides for such a concentration of force as must intimidate even the oligarchs in the Kremlin. The pessimist, on the other hand, will gloomily recall the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, and will argue that a division of the world into two armed camps has always led to war. Time alone will show which is right.

One thing at any rate is certain, and it is that the Pact marks a further step in the evolution of the United States as a World Power. No nation, not even Great Britain, has ever become one quite so reluctantly. Last century, after the Mexican and Cuban wars respectively, the United States recoiled almost with horror from what it had done, and there was a further attempt to relapse into isolation at the end of the First World War. Now, the vast majority of the American people has realized that there can be no going back, and that the privilege of being a World Power must involve the assumption of the responsibilities attendant upon such a position. The North Atlantic Pact thus means that any aggressor must reckon upon the certainty of the United States taking the field against him, and this in its turn implies that he cannot win a long war in present circumstances.

SO far so good, but few aggressors in the course of history have started wars in the belief that they would be long ones; they have always believed that the contest would speedily be terminated in their favour, and there is no reason to suppose that in this respect the aggressor of the future will differ from the aggressor of the past. Such being the case the North Atlantic Pact must have teeth if it is to be of any more service to mankind than its predecessors of Locarno and Kellogg memory. If the cold war can be won the hot war need never take place.

Unfortunately the present state of British military preparedness is most unlikely to contribute to the achievement of this result. Too many politicians, of all parties, appear to be under the illusion that a large number of men in uniform automatically constitute an army. The Socialists, in particular, are over a hundred years out-of-date in their views, for they still pathetically adhere to the notion of the citizen army and the *levée en masse* which was so popular in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. What is wanted for active operations on the Continent is a highly trained, highly mobile force of professional soldiers, with the Territorial Army behind it for home defence. This will not be obtained by the present system of National Service, as conscription is now euphemistically termed.

It used to be argued that poverty and unemployment were the best recruiting sergeants for the Regular Forces. Whatever may have been the case in the past this is not true to-day. The United States has the highest standard of living in the world, and it has no difficulty in obtaining recruits for its regular army. The British Government, too, could get all the men it wanted if it would guarantee the recruit a job for life: this presents no difficulty now that so many industries have been nationalized. When the soldier had completed his colour service he could be absorbed into one of them according to his abilities and inclinations. The problem of raising a foreign legion, several divisions strong, should also be carefully investigated: the necessary number of British officers would certainly be easy to obtain.

THE experience of all history goes to prove that armaments and foreign policy cannot be dissociated. The main reason for the failure of such attempts as the Locarno Pact to consolidate peace between the two wars was that they were concluded without any thought being given to the method of implementing them. Fortunately there is every indication that this consideration has not been ignored on the present occasion, though, as has been suggested above, a good deal remains to be done before a really effective force takes up its watch on the Rhine.

The inter-connection of armaments and policy has, however, wider implications even than this. There are still many people in this country who appear to believe that our attitude towards our neighbours can be based on likes and dislikes. Franco accepted help from the Axis in the Spanish Civil War, therefore we must not accept any help from him in our attempt to avert hostilities with Russia: so it is argued. This is not the place to discuss the pros and cons of Franco's attitude towards Germany and Italy before and during the Second World War: what matters is not the part he played in the last war but the part he is likely to play in the next one. In any event it is sheer hypocrisy to have an ambassador in Moscow and to refuse to send one to Madrid.

The defence of Western Europe requires the whole-hearted co-operation of Spain, and it is the duty of the signatories of the North Atlantic Pact to secure

this at the earliest possible moment. The same observations apply to Ireland, though there the difficulties are of a different character. In short, there is still a great deal to be done before the Pact can be said to be really effective.

MENTION has already been made of the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, and it may well be that the resemblance between it and this latest Pact will become much closer before many months have passed. As soon as the Entente had been concluded Bülow determined to try its strength, and he accordingly persuaded the German Emperor to make his famous visit to Tangier. "It looked like war", President Theodore Roosevelt has left on record, but Germany had no real intention of fighting at that particular moment, and so in due course the Conference of Algeciras was convened. There the solidarity of Anglo-French Entente was abundantly demonstrated, and the attitude of Great Britain was admirably summed up in the observation of King Edward VII to the French ambassador in London, "Tell us what you wish on each point, and we will support you without restriction or reserves". That particular Franco-German duel ended, it is true, in a draw, but the strength of the Entente had been proved beyond question.

It is by no means improbable that what Germany did then Russia will attempt now, that is to say some stroke of arms or diplomacy that will test the cohesion of the signatories to the North Atlantic Pact. This would be only another round in the cold war, and the risk would be considerably less than in the days of Bülow, because it requires a much greater degree of provocation to produce hostilities now than it did in the early years of the century. It is, therefore, extremely important that the Western Powers should put their military house in order at the earliest possible moment: the principles which bind them together are doubtless admirable, but as the realistic Balbo once wrote, "*L'idea senza la forza è un non senso*".

IF Russia decides to test the strength of the new alliance where is she likely to act? The question is not an easy one to answer, for there are various possibilities. She might try to bring about in Finland a *coup d'état* on the Czechoslovak, Hungarian, or Roumanian model; she might strike, either directly or indirectly, at Tito and the Greeks; or she might make the control of Persia her objective. On the other hand, the Far East might be the field of her activities, with Communist China as the base for a drive either against the British and French possessions in South-East Asia, or through Korea at American-controlled Japan. Any of these moves is possible, for the oligarchs in Moscow have perfectly free hands since they are even less compelled than were the Tsars to take account of public opinion in their own country.

Reasons of space forbid an analysis of these various possibilities, but a careful consideration of them is likely to lead to the conclusion that the Balkans is the most probable field for further aggression. Tito must surely be crushed before his

example becomes too dangerous in the satellite states, while success in Greece would give the hegemony not only of the Balkan Peninsula but also of the Eastern Mediterranean. Furthermore, if things went wrong Russia could evade direct responsibility. Bulgaria and Hungary could be detailed for the task of pulling Russian chestnuts out of the Yugoslav fire, and they could be disavowed if the necessity arose. In short, such a development would promise the maximum of advantage with the minimum of risk, so it is in no way remarkable that all over the world one once again hears the time-honoured expression "There will be trouble in the Balkans in the Spring".

IF the situation develops along these lines it is essential that the British people should know exactly what is at stake. Tito's whole outlook is the direct opposite of everything for which this country stands, and from every point of view his political record is about as bad as it well could be. His power rests on a most insecure basis, for he is challenged on the one hand by the supporters of the Cominform and on the other by those of King Peter II, while there is every evidence that throughout large areas of the country his writ does not run. Finally, the events of 1915 and 1941 prove how extremely vulnerable Yugoslavia is to attack from Central Europe.

At the same time, as has already been pointed out, we cannot afford a foreign policy based on likes and dislikes, and this principle applies to Tito just as much as to Franco. "We must seek help from every quarter", George Canning told the House of Commons in December, 1798, "even from the Grand Signior, who should not be rejected merely because he wears a long beard and a long gown". Few Yugoslav rulers are estimable by Western standards or pleasing in British eyes, and Tito is probably no worse than King Peter I, or his singularly unattractive son, with whom we were in alliance during the First World War. What is important is that we should not be under any illusions with regard to the sort of people with whom we are dealing. Yugoslavia is far from being solidly behind Tito, nor is he himself a liberty-loving statesman standing politically mid-way between William Ewart Gladstone and Clement Attlee.

IN spite of all this the importance of supporting Yugoslavia against Moscow could hardly be overstated. If Tito becomes dependent upon the Western Powers for his survival then they can compel him to modify his regime, and so they will be able to repair some of the blunders that were committed during the war, as well as to ensure that justice is done to many who are their friends even if they are Tito's enemies. Then, again, the successful resistance of Yugoslavia, even in the cold war, would give renewed hope to the other peoples behind the Iron Curtain, for it is essential to remember that the struggle will not be won by remaining on the defensive. Large areas of Europe remain to be freed from Russia

just as they had to be freed from Germany; the only difference is that on the present occasion there is a chance that this can be done without recourse to arms.

Moreover, experience in more than one war has shown that the attitude of Yugoslavia is the determining factor in the fate of Greece, and already there are definite signs that Tito is withdrawing his support from the Greek rebels. This, however, is far from being enough, and if he wishes for any sort of aid from the West he must actively assist the forces of King Paul to suppress those who defy his authority. To borrow an expression used by Mr. Churchill in another connection, Tito must work his passage, and work it pretty hard. He has no claim upon British sympathy, and we must see to it that his extremity is Greece's opportunity. He can hope for no mercy from Moscow, so he is at the service of the Western Powers, however much it may at the moment please him to pretend that this is not the case. That is the realistic approach to the problem of Yugoslavia.

WHEN one turns to the Far East it is to find a situation equally pregnant with danger, but one which it is more difficult to assess. The position there resembles a jig-saw puzzle of which several of the pieces are for the moment missing, so that one cannot tell in several important details what the ultimate picture is likely to be. The Communist victory in China is a case in point. One set of experts tell us that nothing much has really happened at all, and prophesy that the Communists will be absorbed like every other conqueror of China: in support of this theory they cite the precedent of the Manchus, who imposed the pigtail upon the Chinese as a badge of servitude, and yet within a couple of generations they were wearing it themselves. Another school of thought will have it that China has become one more satellite of Russia, and that the number of active Marxians in the world has been increased by several hundred million.

However, this may be, the cold war is spreading in the East as in the West, though it seems likely that the cohesion of the Anglo-Saxon Powers will first be tested in Europe rather than in Asia. This cold war, let it be repeated, can be won, and a shooting war thereby avoided, but only if military preparedness and a realistic foreign policy are carefully co-ordinated. Unfortunately we have still a long way to go before this goal is reached.

CHARLES PETRIE.

TO-MORROW

TU pudica, tu proba,
Perambulabis astra, sidus aureum.
Horace, Epodes xvii, 40, 41.

Grieve not that now
So much of strife thy pathway should beset;
So much of cloud; for peace, so much regret.
Hereafter, thou
So pure, so true,
Shalt shine, thyself a star in gold array,
And mid the silver stars thy royal way
In peace pursue.

S. M. SHAW.

HEREAFTER

TU pudica, tu proba,
Perambulabis astra, sidus aureum.
Horace, Epodes xvii, 40, 41.

So pure, so true,
Thou shalt, thyself a star in gold array,
Among the silver stars thy starry way,
So pure, pursue.

S. M. SHAW.

FRANCE AND THE MONARCHY

By H.R.H. THE COMTE DE PARIS*

THE Monarchy stands above all as the symbol of justice and fair play. Those historians who, writing in its defence, make the King out to be no more than the protector of his own country or the conqueror of another's offer as an object of devotion a dynastic conception without a soul. They see merely one side of the whole and that side of secondary importance ever since France achieved territorial unity. If the royal will has found itself in fact so often in conformity with the will of the people who, on their part, were so devoted to the Crown that they identified themselves with it for the best part of a thousand years, it was first and foremost because in their eyes the King stood for justice. The image of the function of royalty most firmly impressed on the public mind is that of St. Louis dispensing justice from his seat under the oak tree at Vincennes. Thus to guarantee the existence of justice, personal, social and economic, and if necessary to impose it by force has always been, and must always be, the first care of the Monarchy; for it is for that primary purpose that Monarchy exists.

So it is that the King's authority derives from the fact that he is the dispenser of justice no less than from the love that his people bear him on that account. It ought not to derive from prestige alone, which is as transient and evanescent an element as any other of the vanities of this changing world.

THE role of arbiter on the other hand demands quite different qualities from that of judge, different and moreover harder to come by, since in this case it is not merely a question of passing judgment in the light of a code of law but bringing about the fusion of opposing interests in the name of the common good. This function of conciliation has at all times been a valuable one but never more valuable than at this present time; for never has the social body of France been more hopelessly divided. The opposing interests of Armagnacs and Burgundians, of Leaguers and Huguenots were causes enough of dissention in their time; but now we see divisions and sub-divisions to the number of five or six at least all fighting one another in inextricable confusion.

In the first place the task which lies immediately and urgently to hand is that of healing the breach that exists between those who in all good faith and without drawing any benefit to themselves from the collusion, supported the Vichy government and those who, refusing to accept defeat or the Armistice, threw in their lot with de Gaulle. Love of one's country can be of two kinds, personal and impersonal. For those who cherish a personal love of their country it is the tangible things, their homes, the place where they work, the very soil itself that count. But France herself remains ever about a Frenchman in the very air that he breathes and remains no less moreover even when the enemy is at his elbow all and every day. In such circumstances it requires a strong and resolute spirit to avoid succumbing to the ever present temptation towards that harmless collaboration which so easily develops into treason. And for my part I confess that my greatest admiration goes out to those who inflexibly or without ever faltering were able to maintain that line of conduct. To keep the flag of loyalty to one's country flying; to preserve honour intact, these were noble achievements indeed and not to be spoken of in the same breath as the action of those who, thanks to German aid having made their fortunes, then gave large sums of money to their fellow countrymen who were, in the Resistance movement, actively fighting the enemy. I know also that not a few of those who adhered to Vichy failed to reconcile their patriotism and their

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* *H.R.H. The Comte de Paris is Head of the House of Bourbon - Orleans, and claimant to the Throne of France.*

personal honour throughout; that the ambiguity of the situation was too heavy a burden for certain weaker characters to support. Such persons are to be blamed for having overestimated both their own strength of character and their faith in the future of their country.

AS for those who followed de Gaulle it is necessary in their case, as in the case of the followers of Pétain, to discriminate. The idea of patriotism on a high adventurous plane is, it must be stated in the first place, one that has always made a special appeal to French minds. It is no light matter for a man to burn his boats behind him; nor can many be said to have done so in 1940. Such a gesture of defiance and faith is nothing less than heroic. To set out upon that road requires immense courage. But once that initial step is taken it is a road which will be found to be a direct and simple one notwithstanding that it may well lead only to death. In every country there will always be found a handful of elect spirits, capable of rising on occasion to heights of quite exceptional achievement. But it is neither right nor just to hold it as a reproach against forty million French people that they did not cross over to England on 17th June, 1940, or destroy their capital as Moscow was destroyed by the Russians in 1812.

General de Gaulle, by an act of faith, preserved the honour of our country in the eyes of the world; he held aloft a torch whereby the hardier spirits everywhere were encouraged to stand fast. On the other hand, the action of Marshal Pétain in the dark days of 1940—the agony of which time it was my pround privilege to have been permitted as a soldier in the ranks of France to share—at least succeeded in rallying such hope as was left among millions of our fellow countrymen to whom the ties binding them to their homes and native soil were paramount. If only it were possible to regard these events dispassionately, I am convinced that the quarrels which now divide our unhappy country could yet be healed. For it is undeniable that in June, 1940, ninety per cent of French people were in favour of an armistice. It is now the fashion to denounce the armistice as an act of high treason. But of one thing I am certain and that is that the Germans in agreeing to it committed from their own point of view a grave error of judgment, for had there been no armistice, and had hostilities continued, nothing in this world could have prevented them within another month from becoming masters of North Africa. Sir Samuel Hoare has admitted as much. "France being knocked out, our own small army in process of reorganization, and the United States still neutral, there was nothing we could have done to prevent the German Army from passing through Spain to Africa had it been set on doing so." The Armistice forming as it did a sort of covering for the Mediterranean and North Africa was for Germany a strategic and political mistake of colossal proportions. And if it was so for them it cannot in all fairness be held to be the like for us as well.

THE essential thing, however, was from the very moment of the signing of the armistice to realize that Britain would go on fighting. For the British never let go, even when things look desperate; they may be forced to their knees, but they continue to fight nevertheless. What was necessary, then, was for France somehow, by means of some token force if nothing better could be devised, to carry on the struggle by the side of her ally. Such a policy, however, meant that complete comprehension and unity of purpose should exist between those Frenchmen who had left the country and those who remained in it. Thus and thus only the fatal danger of destroying the unity of the French people might have been averted. But alas! in spite of all the hopes which many of us cherished at the time no such agreement was come to, no secret understanding between the two parties in fact was found to exist. On the contrary, the senility of one of the leaders and the embittered aloofness of the other, the lack of public spirit in all too many Frenchmen and as a result the partisan hatred and greed of a handful of undeniable traitors brought it about that the country was divided into two factions, ever more violently opposed one

to the other, at a time when one might not unreasonably have hoped that a common misfortune would have drawn all more closely together.

Furthermore, an anxiety to play up the Resistance movement has tended somewhat to belittle the repute of France as a whole. Would it not have been better had the Resistance been content to make its claim to fame a moral one based exclusively and firmly upon its heroes and martyrs to the cause? Was it necessary, in order to put forward a political justification to maintain the thesis that France had been for four years victim of the lowest kind of treachery?

I WAS in Algiers in 1942, that witches' brew of ambitions, vanities and political misunderstandings all stirred up together in one cauldron, and it was clear to me then what was the nature of the malady which was going increasingly to afflict France in the years that were to come. Signs of the secret understanding of which Rougier in his book speaks, between de Gaulle and the Communists were already apparent. "De Gaulle played the Communist card", says Rougier, "in order to get into power. The Communists played the de Gaulle card in order to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of French public opinion."

It is this transposition of a world-wide ideological conflict on to the French political stage that explains the tragic events taking place in France to-day. The fact that a man who was in no way sympathetic to Communist doctrine, neither by temperament, upbringing nor religious belief, should have countenanced the return of Thorez to Paris and in so doing have enabled the Communist party to become the most powerful in the country.

IT is high time, now that the indisputably guilty have been tried and condemned, to close the dossier, talk no more about treason and let such as will meditate each one upon the subject in silence. Not a few of the trials which have taken place since the Liberation seem to me to have been no less pernicious in their way than the Riom trial, where upon the pretext of proving France's unpreparedness in the military sphere the honour of the country was dragged in the dust in full view of the enemy. Gambetta showed more wisdom when before the Commission of Enquiry set up to examine the origins of the Government of National Defence said: "I have no sympathy whatever with those who would let it be thought that such was our country's moral and material decadence that she was incapable of doing what was expected of her. Such a contention not only lowers us in the eyes of every other country but lowers us in our own esteem as well."

For the last six years France has sought, in order to stifle the pricking of her own uneasy conscience, to lay the blame for her defeat and subsequent misfortunes to a number of different accounts—those it might be of the freemasons, the republic, the forces of reaction, the Jews, the higher command, Marshal Pétain or General de Gaulle. But in a democratic state—and in the period between the two wars a democratic state I take it France was—it is the people who are responsible for the actions of their representatives. No one would declare, I presume, that the people as a whole had been completely fooled. To do so would imply a condemnation of the entire parliamentary system. No, if France is to be saved it is necessary surely to turn over a fresh page and repudiate the idea of revenging purges by still worse counter purges. Whoever may have suffered injustice in the first instance must pardon the offence; and those who acted unjustly on false information or in the heat of the moment should be ready to accept the forgiveness offered.

THERE is likewise another question, not so acutely perceptible maybe, but of profounder and more lasting importance, which calls for wise and understanding treatment and that is the issue as between Religion and Atheism, Believer and Non-Believer. This also is a matter which seriously divides our country. For it must be remembered that if on the one hand France is by common consent the country of the missionaries she is no less the land of the great Humanists. And it is a regrettable fact

that for the best part of a decade now the irreligious sections of the population have rallied to the flag of Communism. A *modus vivendi* must therefore be found. No one would suggest any complete severance of sacred from profane. Civil and religious life is far too much, for the Christian at any rate, a single entity viewed merely from different aspects for the problem to be resolved by any means so formal and legalistic as a concordat. But some co-ordination there must be, and the best and indeed only true solution of the problem is to be found in Monarchy, which is Christian in tradition and Christian moreover in the person of the Monarch. To the Believer the very fact of the Monarch being a Christian will be a reassuring and stabilizing factor, while on the other hand that identity of interest which makes the well-being of the country the essential business of the Crown, guaranteeing complete liberty of conscience and equality of rights in the social and political spheres, would likewise go far to assuage laicist and atheistic suspicion. In any case there is the lesson of History. In the age of faith when every citizen was a believer it was their most Christian Majesties, the Kings of France, who with very few exceptions were always the strongest barrier against undue clerical interference in the purely political affairs of the realm.

The arbitrament between class and class is the third fundamental task which it would be the business of Monarchy to undertake. In these days when the aristocracy has ceased to play a part in the political life of the country, only the middle-class and the masses remain to be considered from this particular aspect. I am aware of course that such divisions are of necessity of a very summary nature since only an indistinct and fluctuating line at best can be drawn between the workman for example and the bourgeois. But the spirit which informed those sections remains and it is the way of men to fight rather over figments than for any merely material things. In the first place it is clear that no monarchy could exist upon a basis of any one class overriding the rest whether by violence or by the more indirect means of superior monetary power. Economic conditions tend nowadays to level themselves out. It is therefore the State's duty to instigate such measures of reform as will tend more and more to concentrate the worth of capital and the worth of labour in the same individuals. And it is by spreading throughout society a spirit of comradeship directed towards a common end that the old idea of class distinction will best be eliminated. At the same time to do away with class distinctions is not to do away with an hierarchically constituted society. I have elsewhere expressed my opinions on the vital necessity for a Democracy to encourage the recreation of an *élite*, not merely at the top but at every level of society, and that they should be given the means necessary for the carrying out of their functions, even were it no more to begin with than self respect. But it is no less essential that these leaders should be drawn from the people as a whole. For which purpose there must be a throwing down of all inside barriers and a complete realization of equality of opportunity at the start for all. Thus, and thus only, will the mass of the people be guaranteed the possibility not of lording it as a mass over the other sections of the community as they are demanding to do now, but at least of playing a part in the political and social affairs of the state commensurate with their economic, numeric and individual importance.

AND, lastly, arbitrament as between those who would have order at any price and those who on the other hand want liberty, unrestricted and uncontrolled. Order at any price means Cæsarism; liberty at any price means anarchy. And we all know only too well what both these things entail. In the past ten years France has experienced the reality of these two extremes and has been able to reckon their value as solutions of the problem which confronts her. The Monarchist solution yet remains to be tried. I am not enamoured of political analogies but I cannot help considering such countries as Great Britain, Holland and Norway, all of whom were in the war and two of whom shared with us the horrors of enemy

occupation. They all appear to have recovered their balance and internal unity with remarkable speed. I recall further that these countries together with a few other northern monarchies were the only ones before the war wherein socialist parties and governments were able to function in complete harmony with the life of the nation as a whole and where moreover neither were the Left parties threatened seriously by Communism on their left nor were the parties of the Right under any real menace from Fascism on their right. Nor should it be overlooked that in these northern kingdoms social legislation was more advanced than anywhere else in the world, and that under the Crown there was an absence of class hatred and an amount of goodwill and friendliness too outstanding to pass altogether without notice.

Placed as it is above the clash of faction or of particular interests Monarchy is above all the institution best fitted at once to preserve and advance a country which can boast of so long a history as our own. Its mission and indeed its very reason for existing is to act as an umpire and to see that every man obtains justice. Its concern is ever for the weak and the oppressed and the only enemies it acknowledges are such as are the declared enemies of the people over whom it rules.

LONG before the war I made my own position clear: "In opposition to dictatorships whether Communist or Fascist, opposed likewise to the no less pernicious dictatorship of money I stand for universal justice, peace and freedom." This struggle against an enemy on three fronts will surprise no one who is acquainted with the age-long Capetian tradition. It was the people who were ever the buckler of the Crown, just as it was the Crown that safeguarded justice for the people. Dictatorship from whatever quarter it comes, whether arising from the genius of a single individual or from the frustrated aspirations of the dumb mass of the people, is necessarily an inhuman form of government and a menace to the peace of the world. Frenchmen are weary of divisions; they look forward to seeing a united nation which shall yet be free of the taint of aggressive nationalism; to a system of social justice upon which the hand of state control shall not be allowed to press too heavily; to an orderliness which has nothing to do with tyranny. It may be that they will yet come to understand that these things are only possible under a system other than one in which hypocrisy and pretence are for ever concealing or deliberately falsifying the manœuvres of the plutocrat or the ambitions of the tyrant.

LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM

THE GENERAL STRIKE: A PAGE OF SECRET HISTORY

By OSBERT SITWELL

This is the second of the series of extracts which we are allowed to make from the fourth volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography Left Hand! Right Hand! *which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of* Laughter in the Next Room.

ABOUT seven o'clock that evening (May 7th, 1926)—at a moment when, if truth is to be told, I had expected to hear no more of our rather vague plans or, at best, for the course of events to outstrip them—I received from Lady Wimborne a letter, delivered by hand. In it she told me that, by a stroke of almost miraculous good fortune, all those she had asked to luncheon the next day had accepted, and ordered me, whatever plans I might have made, to cancel them and be present. The other guests would be Lord Londonderry and Lord Gainford,* both great coal-owners, one Conservative, one Liberal—the second being President of the Coal-Owners' Association, the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas (Chairman of the Trades Union Council), J. A. Spender, for long Editor of the great Liberal evening paper, the *Westminster Gazette*, Philip Snowden and Lord Reading.†

WHEN, the following day, I arrived at Wimborne House, in spite of my almost excessive punctuality—a constitutional trait—I found several of the other guests already assembled, in a certain atmosphere of expectancy. Mrs. Snowden* was there—the only person I had not expected to see—but her husband had been taken ill, and she had come to fill his place.. We went into luncheon to the minute, passing through a vista of fine rooms on our way to the dining-room. Almost directly we had sat down, the conversation took the turn we had so ardently wished it might, and, guided by Lady Wimborne's superb tact—for she never in any way interposed herself between the talkers, or aired her own views, but adroitly, and with utmost sympathy, drew everyone out—maintained it until the end. So important in its matter, so vehement in its manner, so frank was the talk, that the footmen, I recall, had to be told almost at once to leave the dining-room, and only to return when summoned.

But, first to describe the manner, even as Mr. Thomas, the last to arrive, had hurried into the room, it had been obvious from his flustered appearance, that he was worried and tired almost beyond bearing. The long meetings of the Council before the outbreak of the Strike, and the joint conferences of three members of the Cabinet and three (of whom he had been one) of the Trades Union Council had worn him out. Often, for several weeks, he had been at work from eight or nine in the morning until two o'clock on the following day. These hours, and the extreme and deepening seriousness of the situation, which threatened to end, either in the breakdown of parliamentary government or in the smashing of the Trades Unions, or possibly to culminate in a drawn-

**Albert Pease* (1860-1943). 1st Baron Gainford, cr. 1917, second son of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, Bt. For many years a Liberal Member of Parliament, he held various posts in the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith Ministries. He was President of the English Mine-Owners' Association, and became President of the Federation of British Industries 1927-28, and President British Broadcasting Corporation 1922-26.

†*Rufus Daniel Isaacs* (1860-1935). 1st Marquess of Reading. He was said as a boy to have sailed before the mast to India, and later to have been hammered on the Stock Exchange. He became Solicitor-General in 1910, Lord Chief Justice in 1913, H.M's High Commissioner, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on Special Mission to the United States of America in 1913-19. As culmination he was Viceroy of India from 1921 until 1926.

*Now Viscountess Snowden.

out and smouldering condition of semi-civil-war, had most plainly told, even on his store of vitality and humour, and had sharpened his nerves: though, no doubt, he derived an inward strength from his consciousness that, until the sudden precipitation of the General Strike by the refusal of the printers to print the *Daily Mail*, he had done everything in his power to prevent such a catastrophe from occurring. Certainly what he had endured recently had in no way abated his vigorous methods of expression or taken the edge off his native turns of speech . . . Everyone else seemed completely unchanged; Lord Wimborne, kind, amusing, quick to be amused, with no trace of the boredom he sometimes showed; Lord Londonderry with his accustomed air of Irish grandee and sportsman who has strayed into politics, with a certain nonchalance, combined with geniality, but also, with, under this façade, a natural and special shrewdness that it would be easy to misinterpret and underrate; Mrs. Snowden, calm and contemplative; Lord Gainford, restrained, tight-mouthed, orthodox in the Liberal parliamentarian fashion, a typical ennobled master of industry; A. J. Spender, clever, earnest, public-spirited, but with, enwrapping him, a spiritual aura of soft white wool that matched his hair. And finally there was Lord Reading. The element in him of Dick Whittington or Sinbad the Sailor, so largely stressed in contemporary accounts of his extraordinary career, had by now completely vanished, or at any rate was absent from his atmosphere. Though he certainly brought with him a feeling of ambitions gratified and of great worldly success, to me he resembled the phantom of a great man, but a spectre heavy in spite of his phantomhood and of his light weight physically. One seemed to see him, like an apparition at a séance, through curtains; an affable Cæsar, ponderous, though lightly cast in bronze, laurel-wreathed, finely-featured, quick-witted (that could be deduced from his eyes), but slightly damaged by life and rendered complacent by the progress of the years. He had occupied so many great posts, that above all men he knew the value of discretion, and in consequence, he preferred in his talk to deal in golf-values in a pro-consular manner, or relate some small story about Asquith or Lord Balfour (always referred to as "A.J.B."), than to discuss high politics. After Disraeli the most eminent politician of his race to have made a career in England, he showed none of the exuberance or conversational excitement of the earlier statesman: but like him, he had aged a little early, for the English climate is hard . . . It must be added that he was dearly loved by his friends, and his advice on any subject was immensely prized by those who knew him . . . Few scraps of conversation come back to me, but I remember someone remarking to Lord Reading:

" Whatever we do, we must not allow *you* to take any action at present. We must keep you in reserve as our queen bee."

In reply to which sentiment, I produced, in a passing silence, and with a voice as though echoing from a tomb, the question:

"Even if the hive is being burned down?"

OUT of the long session, which lasted until nearly four o'clock, a few facts of prime significance emerged. Quite early in the course of the meal, within a few minutes of our sitting down, it transpired that a final message despatched from the Trades Union Council to the Prime Minister had never reached him. What occurred to prevent it, remains to this day a mystery, though no doubt those concerned have formed their own opinions on the question . . . From Mr. J. H. Thomas's point of view, two things that were of help to him in reaching his eventual decision, came out of meeting these people round the luncheon table; the first, that Lord Reading offered to get into touch with Sir Herbert Samuel* who was in Italy, and to ask him to return to London. According to Mr. Thomas,† Sir Herbert had wired from Italy to Mr. Baldwin on the outbreak of the Strike "Can I be of any assistance?", and had received in reply a laconic "No!". Mr. Thomas, however, felt that Sir Herbert, as the man who had drawn

*See *Left Hand ! Right Hand !* p.292, note.

†See *Left Hand ! Right Hand !* p.291, note.

up the Report of the Royal Commission, could be of real service. In addition, Thomas was more than ever grateful to Lord Reading, an old friend of his, for offering help just at the moment when another old friend and most eminent lawyer had made a speech, which had only appeared that very morning (for though Sir John Simon had delivered it in the House of Commons on Thursday, it had not been published in *The Times*, owing to the difficulties of space and printing until Saturday): a speech, moreover, which still rankled in his mind. Evidently—so Mr. Thomas, I think, may have comforted himself—that most celebrated Servant of the Crown, Lord Reading, though he was quite as much of a high legal authority as Sir John Simon, did not regard him as rebel or outlaw, or he would hardly have offered his services in this fashion as an intermediary . . . The second, but scarcely less important, new factor was his consciousness of the personal kindness and anxiety to be of help, of Lord and Lady Wimborne. This made the Trades Union Leader feel that, after all, there were people of fortune and position who understood the difficulties which confronted the leaders, condemned equally with himself what seemed to them the ruthless Tory policy and who were, further, to a degree sympathetic to the miners in their claims, and in their distress, which had been responsible in the first place for the General Strike. The attitude of our host and hostess did much, in short, to lessen the bitterness both of Mr. J. H. Thomas and of the various leaders of the miners who visited Wimborne House at different times during these days, and those immediately preceding, and subsequent.

AS for the outcome of the Wimborne House luncheon, the greatest concrete advance we achieved that afternoon towards peace was when Thomas finally committed himself to the admission that the miners were now in the mood to accept, with all its implications, the Report of the Coal Commission. This constituted a notable improvement on the position he had taken up the previous Monday, when negotiations had broken down. Indeed, it seemed to Lord Reading so important that he composed and wrote down a formula, after which he and Lord Wimborne left immediately for the House of Commons, the first to see Lord Birkenhead, the second to see his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill: but both those interviewed maintained that mere acceptance would not now be enough; we must engage in that blustering and platitudinous redundancy, "a fight to a finish" . . . When later, I heard this, I recalled from a quarter of a century before, the mauve pavilions of Mrs. Moreton Frewen's house in Chesham Place,* and the innumerable photographs of that pugnacious but generous countenance, at every age from two to twenty, as infant, child, boy, adult. The photographs, if they still existed, would be brown, yellow, and faded: but the face, though older, still retained its original quality, and the characteristics remained unimpeached by time.

I WAS continually at Wimborne House, to give or receive news, and to see if I could afford support to those who were making so great and worthy an effort, but one which taxed energy to the full while it demanded, too, great delicacy of approach . . . The afternoon of Sunday the 9th of May, I spent in an attempt to induce Arnold Bennett, at that period the leading English publicist, to come round to our standpoint. I had felt that it might be possible to persuade a man of his origin and wide sympathies—one, moreover, who could regard many things in an unconventional manner—to adopt a more comprehending and less uncompromising view of the position into which, as I saw it, the Trades Union Leaders had drifted, or even, to a certain extent, been manœuvred. Moreover, it was important that the struggle should be presented in its proper colours in the Press of the United States for which the famous author had just written a most prominently displayed and highly paid article. His influence across the Atlantic was very considerable, and he was eminent enough there for what he said to be accepted

* See *Left Hand! Right Hand!* p.219.

as the truth. As it was, scare-articles were flaring through the American papers every day, and injuring this country; the struggle being painted in too simple terms of revolutionary workers versus the chivalrous, true, brave, good, gentle and generous middle-classes. Towards my purpose, I divulged to him a little of what was occurring at Wimborne House, but kind and wise as usually he was, in this instance he had made up his mind, and I think no arguments could have availed to alter it. His grey topknot, his features, a few slightly protruding teeth, the backward tilt of his body as he sat in his chair, listening, above all, the expression of his eyes (I have, elsewhere in the course of this work, drawn attention to the dull look he could infuse into them) all presented that day an appearance of irremediable obstinacy, while his stutter, even in its very beginning, rejected every plea put forward. Like the majority of our countrymen, one way or the other, he was at that instant in embattled mood. In his personal instance, the standards of the bourgeoisie had been challenged, and this rebellion had to be defeated. Moreover, I had, if I had only known it, chosen an injudicious, not to say tactless moment to call, for Mrs. Cheston Bennett and their month-old baby had only arrived in the house from the nursing-home an hour before.

THE meeting between Lord Wimborne and Thomas at Arlington Street on Sunday had lasted until a late hour: but nothing had taken solid shape. Lady Wimborne felt that the tone was hopeful, nevertheless. She had been distressed, in consequence, to realize that J. H. Thomas had left the house without any arrangement having been made for a further conference, since she was sure that the constant interflow of ideas was accomplishing some good. She therefore asked Mr. Davies to telephone to Mr. J. H. Thomas and try to make a further appointment with him for the next day. Also at Lady Wimborne's suggestion, Mr. Davies rang up Lord Reading, gave him an account of what had taken place, and explained that he was shortly going to speak to Mr. Thomas, and in return Lord Reading offered to come to Arlington Street the following morning to discuss the whole issue afresh with J. H. Thomas. Mr. Davies then telephoned to the Trades Union Leader and asked to see him immediately. Directly afterwards, Mr. Davies motored to Dulwich, interviewed personally Mr. Thomas and persuaded him to agree to meet Lord Wimborne and Lord Reading at Wimborne House at 8.45 the same morning.

Mr. Davies fetched Mr. Thomas to Arlington Street in Lord Wimborne's motor. On their way from Dulwich it was evident that some of the trains which usually carried the men to work had started again. Somehow or other, the Government had begun to get things going once more. It was a straw in the wind, and Mr. Thomas was disturbed by it, and commented on it to his companion.

By 8.30, Mr. Davies was at Lord Reading's house in Curzon Street, and able to inform him that Lord Wimborne and Mr. Thomas were already in conference at Wimborne House, and would be glad if Lord Reading would join them. He did so, and a long discussion ensued. The result of it was drawn up by Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne in the following paragraph:

"If some assurance could be given that negotiations would be resumed for the purpose of bringing the recommendations of the Report into operation without delay, it is possible that the T.U.C. might call off the General Strike and indicate that miners accept the Report unconditionally with all its implications, including the question of possible adjustment of wages as the basis of a settlement. This assurance might be accepted if it were made by some person of influence, not a member of the Government."

So important was this summary felt to be, that, so as to save time, it was at once read over the telephone to Mr. Tom Jones, while Lord Wimborne ordered a copy to be sent round immediately by hand, in order to avoid any errors of transmission. Mr. Tom Jones undertook to place it before the Prime Minister at once. A little later, Mr. Davies went to see Mr. Tom Jones, who told him that in the Prime Minister's opinion everything which Mr. Thomas now asked,

on Monday, had already been conceded by him in his broadcast on Saturday night, and that Mr. Baldwin did not therefore understand what difficulties could exist to justify the Trades Union Council in persisting with the General Strike. . . .On Monday afternoon Lord Wimborne sent to the Prime Minister's adviser another note, amplifying the previous statement. In it, he said he was assured that there would be a possibility of the General Strike being abrogated if Mr. Baldwin, without in any way committing his Ministry and without accepting any conditions from the Trades Union Council, or seeming to make any compromise, could indicate what it was the intention of the Government to do, if and when coal negotiations were resumed. This note was at once placed before Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland,* one of the members of the Cabinet concerned with policy at that time.

TUESDAY the 11th was the crucial day. I had, through my relations kept in touch with Lambeth Palace, and early that morning I suggested that Lord Wimborne should establish contact with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was on the side of peace and had lately issued a manifesto which the British Gazette had not seen fit to publish. (Already, it must be added, the Wimborne House group had received much help from the Christian Industrial Fellowship, and had found the counsel of its General Director, Prebendary Kirk, of the greatest assistance.) The situation looked, if anything, darker, and all those who were working for peace were dismayed and depressed. Rumours of every kind, except any that could bring hope of an early end to the dispute were more than ever rife. Either on that, or on the previous day, Beverley Baxter told me he had talked with Lord Beaverbrook, who, while he had shown at the end a certain sympathy towards our efforts, had remarked to him, as Baxter left the room:

"At any rate, it's too late for that sort of thing now: something is about to occur which will make the country forget all that has gone before."

Certainly a much greater and still gathering feeling of suspense prevailed.

Soon, however, a change was to come. At 9.30 a.m., Mr. Clem Edwards, the Counsel for the Trades Unions, called on Lord Wimborne, to see if they could devise any satisfactory compromise where J. H. Thomas had failed.

DURING the conversation between Lord Wimborne and Mr. Clem Edwards, Lord Reading called, saying he would like to see J. H. Thomas again. He expressed a new sense of urgency in the matter. He then went in to talk with Clem Edwards. Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne remained in consultation until J. H. Thomas—to whom a telephone message had been sent directly Lord Reading had expressed his wish to see him—arrived to join them at Arlington Street at 11.30 a.m. While this interview—during the course of which both Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne made sustained and impassioned appeals to Mr. J. H. Thomas to call off the General Strike immediately—was in progress, Mr. Selwyn Davies reported privately to Mr. Tom Jones the new developments, and the stage they had reached. Mr. Tom Jones offered to go round immediately to Arlington Street in order that he might obtain fuller information . . . When, a little later, I arrived at Arlington Street to talk to Lady Wimborne, she remarked, in telling me of the latest developments, that she wondered what could have occurred to make Lord Reading take up this new attitude of extreme urgency, so different from his previous mood, which had been one of patience, and a faith in the method of the most careful discussion; what could have happened to emphasize so greatly his fears, and cause him to be thus eager for the General Strike not to last a single hour longer? He and Lord Wimborne had particularly pressed J. H. Thomas to secure a settlement by a certain time. This request they drove home with every argument at their disposal.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. 1st Bt., occupied several ministerial posts. He was Minister of Labour from 1924 to 1929.

THE three men considered the situation in every aspect and in the greatest detail. At first, it appeared as if the Trades Union Leader would not yield, and could not, even if he wished to. He averred that in so far as he was concerned the other two were preaching to the converted, but that by the constitution of the body concerned, he was bound to obtain at least a majority decision before he could revoke the General Strike. It would be almost impossible for him, he said, to persuade his colleagues to come round to his view. To this Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne answered that they fully understood the difficulties with which Mr. Thomas was faced, but they reiterated that what they most urgently advised in the interest of the whole country, and what in fact they wanted to obtain from him before he returned to Trades Union Headquarters, was a promise that he would call off the General Strike at a late hour that night or early the following morning. They stressed that nothing less would ease their own unbiased anxieties, or satisfy the Government, or meet the situation which they saw arising. The pressure that the two ex-Viceroys put upon Mr. Thomas was tremendous: but the truth is that they were themselves in a difficult position; because they could not divulge to him what had actuated them to adopt a new point of view; something of which they had been informed, a step of the gravest importance to be taken shortly by the Government. It was this knowledge which accounted for the increased and emphatic urgency of their plea. It is possible that from their tone, Mr. Thomas may have drawn his own conclusions: but apparently he had not deduced the reason of the concern which Lord Wimborne and Lord Reading now displayed; and they were not free to tell him the true cause.

I RETURNED to Carlyle Square, and dined with my brother and sister-in-law. I knew that it had been settled that at ten o'clock Mr. Selwyn Davies should be at the Trades Union Headquarters. This citadel was an old-fashioned Victorian house in Eccleston Square, and subsequently became —with the occasional irony of chance—the residence of Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Davies waited there and between ten and eleven saw Mr. J. H. Thomas who asked him to announce to both the Prime Minister and Lord Wimborne that, though he was encountering the most formidable obstacles, he would, he thought, by 2 a.m., be in a position to say that his colleagues had given him authority to call off the General Strike. Mr. Davies at once passed on the information, as requested, to Mr. Tom Jones and to Lord Wimborne . . . Lady Wimborne, who was dining that night with her brother Lord Ebury, rang up to tell me what had happened, and promised to let me know the moment there was any further news: which we awaited in a state of profound anxiety and restlessness, not daring to move more than a few yards from the telephone.

At midnight Mr. Selwyn Davies returned to Eccleston Square as he had arranged, and took up a place in the crowd which had gathered outside the building. A few minutes later, he saw the miners' leaders, who had been in consultation with the Trades Union chiefs, emerge. On their faces they bore unmistakable symptoms of the most profound dejection, and they proceeded to climb into a waiting charabanc, without uttering a word to anyone, and drive off. After some moments had passed, the door of the house opened again quietly, and Mr. J. H. Thomas came out. Mr. Davies followed him for a little, and when they had reached a spot where there were no passers-by, Mr. Thomas stopped, and asked Mr. Davies to convey to the Prime Minister, and to Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne, his assurance that he had obtained the majority vote, and that the General Strike would end at noon: by which hour he and his colleagues would be at Downing Street. Mr. Davies at once entered Lord Wimborne's motor, which was waiting in a side-street nearby, and drove in it first to Wimborne House and then to Downing Street where he delivered his message to Mr. Tom Jones at about 2 a.m. . . . As for me, the telephone bell summoned me about 2.15 a.m., and I received the news from Lady Wimborne. So great was my relief and joy that I could not sleep, and my

mind dwelt instead on the immense evils the country had so narrowly escaped, and which had drawn so near to us in those few days that their shapes could be clearly distinguished . . . Even the morning sunlight did not dissipate the sense of suspense that had recently prevailed; until after twelve o'clock, when the news came officially, as Mr. J. H. Thomas had said it would, that the Trades Union Leaders had arrived at Downing Street, and had called off the General Strike.

So it ended; and, tired but contented, I celebrated the event, and our parts in it, by having luncheon at Wimborne House. I did not, however, know even then, what had occurred to make Lord Reading and Lord Wimborne so much more anxious in their attitude. It had not been until that very morning, when Mr. Selwyn Davies was fetching Lord Reading from Curzon Street to Arlington Street in the motor, that Lord Reading had revealed to him the nature of the private information which had impelled him and Lord Wimborne to grow so urgent in their appeals to Mr. Thomas; the Government had resolved to arrest the Trades Union Leaders the following day.

NATIONALIZED INDUSTRIES AND THE STATE

By FRANCIS JOSEPH*

ALTHOUGH the world record of State owned industries is a sad and sorry tale, yet the urge to experiment in this direction seems to possess an irresistible attraction to politicians of a certain school. It is perhaps still more remarkable that public opposition to nationalization is mainly expressed by those directly affected. It would seem as if the vitality of the British nation had been drugged to inaction by the controls which War made essential. In any case it is certain that when the post-war history comes to be written the mass indifference of the British people to our traditional way of industrial life will come as a shock to the next generation.

It may be that the idealism of the Atlantic Charter created a growing conviction that the sufferings and sacrifices of War would secure a universal acceptance of the Christian ethic "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself". Unfortunately the Charter was written before the appalling physical destruction could be visualized or the exhaustion of the post-war world apprehended. As soon as the fighting was ended the revival of old ambitions and international enmities effectively destroyed the chances of universal peace and goodwill. Once again idealism was shattered and hopes frustrated by the faults and follies of human nature. These things were hidden from our sight when the appeal to the country was made in 1945. Under the existing system of Parliamentary representation the Labour party secured an overwhelming majority although the total number of votes cast against them was greater than those given for them. Here are the figures:—

Labour	11,967,985
Conservative	9,087,238
Liberal	2,227,400
Independent	759,884
	12,074,522

Majority against Labour 106,537

Yet the membership in the House of Commons was as follows:—

Labour	393
Conservative	197
National Liberal	13
Liberal	11
Independent	14
	628

The result of the election surprised the people of Great Britain and astonished the world. Years had passed without an election either for national or local government. It was not surprising therefore that an electorate almost half of which had never had an opportunity of voting should decide upon giving Labour its chance.

IT is generally agreed that the majority of men and women in the services voted Labour, whilst the voters at home, tired of eight years of blackout and austerity, were willing to accept the Labour promises of a new and better life as the basic beatitudes which heralded the dawn of a new world. The Labour policy at the election in 1945, included the old Marxism gospel of "the nationalization of the means of production,

* *Sir Francis Joseph is a Director of the Midland Bank Ltd., Rio Tinto Ltd., and many other Public Companies.*

distribution and exchange". Critics and fainthearts were laughed to scorn. The realization of this gospel could and must have but one result—the enrichment of the people and the end of capitalism.

No wonder the spirits of the party were high. The first step was soon taken. The nationalization of the Bank of England took priority A1. The Bank had always co-operated with the Treasury in times of peace, whilst in war it so co-ordinated the financial policy of the Government, irrespective of party, as to ensure unity of action as regards finance both at home and abroad. Still, it was a Naboth's Vineyard. It made substantial profits but ploughed most of them back into its business. The terms were certainly a fine bargain for the Government, but unfair to the stockholders. The Bank had paid a steady twelve per cent dividend, whilst its reserves, accumulated over a long period of years, were greater than imagined. In March, 1946, the Bank of England was taken over and the purchase price was fifty-eight million pounds of three per cent Treasury Stock. This certainly gave the Bank's stockholders the same income as before but failed to compensate them for the undoubtedly substantial reserves. As a rule the Socialist party is very critical about hidden reserves. Not so the Labour Government. When someone asked the Chancellor that a Balance Sheet of the Bank of England and a list of its reserves be made available the answer was "Certainly not!"

Fortunately for the country the administration remained undisturbed and the contacts between the Bank and the Treasury unimpaired. So in this instance, and in this instance alone, nationalization has been a success. It was only due to leaving the job in the hands of those who by tradition, training and ability were fitted for a great and vital national service.

COAL

THE overwhelming Labour majority in the House of Commons emboldened the Government to carry out their promise to nationalize some of our basic industries. The first was Coal. For half a century— in fact ever since the Liberal party sought to hold in check the creation of the Labour party by putting up what was termed Lib/Lab. candidates—nationalization of the mines had pride of place. The Mines Dept. had become the Ministry of Fuel, Light and Power. During the war its powers had become autocratic and it was obvious that once the mines had become the property of the State the subsidiary industries would soon follow.

Behind the Government there was the united support of the T.U.C. That was something the Labour Cabinet could not ignore. Nationalization should be judged by two principles: (1) Is it in the national interest? (2) Does it add to national prosperity? or, to put it bluntly, does it pay?

It is true there is another urge to nationalize certain industries. Every Govern- has rightly coveted the privileges which office affords. Nationalization schemes opened a new and broad highway of patronage which was expressed by well-paid jobs for a number of faithful party followers. This policy will, in my opinion, be resented by many who voted Labour in 1945.

IT was in the First World War that public attention was riveted upon the vital part which coal played in the struggle for victory. When Mr. Lloyd George addressed a big gathering of miners' representatives in London during the First World War he said: "In peace and in war King Coal is the paramount Lord of Industry. It is our real international coinage. In war-time it is life for us and death for our foes. Coal is the most terrible of enemies and the most potent of friends." After the First World War the collieries of Britain found themselves almost faced with bankruptcy. The strike of 1921 reached an inevitable climax in the General Strike of 1926. The importance of the coal industry, however, was emphasized still more acutely during the Second World War. After the tragedy of Dunkirk, which resulted in a cessation of our coal exports to the continent of Europe stocks piled up at every colliery and industry was unable to help in a very difficult situation. Manpower was attracted from the mines to munitions.

Yet conscription of miners went on, regardless of the vital need for their help in the mines rather than in the Forces. The attractive wages offered to munition workers prevented the customary intake of manpower to the mines. This was increasingly emphasized during the bitter period when Britain stood alone. It was no wonder therefore that the idealism created in the Atlantic Charter had its effect in the election of 1945 when the Labour party was returned to both office and power. They were irrevocably committed to the nationalization of the mines. The public were tired of the long and bitter quarrel between the miners and the State and were, on balance, disposed to remove once and for all this problem from the political cockpit. The arguments can be tersely put:—

(1) No one could object to nationalization of the mines provided it conferred benefits upon the State and secured reasonable rewards for the workers without injuring our chances of maintaining our place in world trade.

(2) The community would benefit as a whole by nationalization even though it imposed increased prices for fuel on industry.

(3) It was believed these advantages could be secured and the profits of the industry, under national control, would make possible a rapid expansion in our standard of living and contribute to an increase of social services.

During the war the minerals of the country passed from private to public ownership and undoubtedly proved to be an excellent bargain for the State. The Ministry of Fuel, Light and Power was created and the mines which had been controlled during the war years were vested in the State on the 1st January, 1947. The global sum of 164 millions was fixed as the purchase price.

IT is essential that we should review the changes which have occurred consequent on the adoption of this policy:—

Since the vesting date—1st January, 1947—what has happened? In September, 1947, there was an advance of 4s 0d. a ton; in January, 1948, there was a further advance of 2s. 6d. a ton; in July, 1948, prices of industrial fuel were further raised, some by 3s. 0d. a ton and lower grade qualities by 2s. 6d.

The increased price to consumers means that industry and the householder have to pay a further £80,000,000 per annum, while the loss of the National Coal Board was 23¼ million pounds as compared with the 15 million profit when the mines were under private enterprise in 1946.

The increased price of gas and electricity due to the increased price of fuel must also be debited to nationalization. It is therefore evident that the effect of nationalization of the mines has resulted in an adverse balance to the nation of no less than 140 millions per annum.

	£
Cost of increased price to Industry and Householders per annum	80,000,000
Loss incurred by the National Coal Board	23,250,000
Profit during 1946, while under private ownership ..	15,000,000
Cost of increase in price for gas and electricity	22,000,000
	£140,250,000

GAS AND ELECTRICITY

TO complete the nationalization programme gas and electricity companies were scheduled to be taken over as on 1st April, 1948. This involved issues of £435,000,000 for the purchase of the undertakings. Lord Citrine has given a foretaste of what is inevitable by advancing the price of both gas and electricity to the public due to increased charges for coal and wages.

I had to preside over the committee set up by the Federation of British Industries to consider the nationalization of gas and electricity. What did we find? A standard of management and research which, together with willingness to consider further amalgamation in given areas, proved these industries were alive to their responsibilities.

In 1944 twenty-five per cent of the output of gas had been diverted to industry. That was still further increased to forty-two per cent in 1947.

Even more spectacular was the efficiency and progress of the electrical undertakings. Charges for industrial purposes in ten years had been reduced by one-third. A further important point was that the price of electricity by private undertakings was fifty per cent below the price charged by municipalities although they were supplying the densely populated areas, whilst the privately owned electricity companies were serving areas with cheap power and light and yet making a profit. They have now passed over to the State. The question is: Can the State administer them with equal ability?

RAILWAYS

IMMEDIATELY on the outbreak of war Railways came under the control of the State but remained under private management. The war proved what a magnificent contribution the Railways were able to make, especially in the movement of men and materials. They created new records during the war year by year although they were greatly handicapped by the inability to maintain their permanent way or replace rolling stock, but they put to reserve the money needed for replacements when the war was over. During the war they did their work in a way which proved that our Railways were the best equipped in the whole world. By the foresight of the Railway directors large interests were secured in road transport undertakings. These proved very profitable and added materially to the value of the assets transferred to the State.

The Railways were purchased by the Government for £1,052,000,000. The value was arrived at by taking the average price for Railway securities over a given number of days according to the Stock Exchange price list. A further issue of £67,000,000 was provided to purchase the privately owned railway wagons. Prior to the vesting date the Government paid a rental for the Railways of £43,500,000 plus £6,500,000 for the privately owned wagons and £3,500,000 for maintenance and repairs of the private wagons. The total annual cost therefore for wagons was £10,000,000.

The nett revenue of the Railways was as follows:—

Millions of £	1944	1945	1946	1947
	90.3	62.5	32.2	16.2 deficit.

The Railway Executive repeatedly directed public and Government attention to the fall in traffic and revenue; yet in the latter half of 1947, wages were advanced (owing to political pressure) and passenger fares and freight charges increased.

NATIONALIZED Railways started with substantial advantages. Interest at three per cent on the transport and wagon stocks only amounted to £33 millions as compared with the previous rental charge of £43½ millions and the rental and maintenance of private wagons of £10 millions.

Then charges for fares were increased and freight to bring an additional income of no less than £65 millions a year.

So the stockholders had to forgo £20 millions a year in interest, whilst the public and industry were scheduled to provide an extra £65 millions a year. Everything was bound to work out right.

Yet it hasn't. The loss of interest *is* definite, and the public have jibbed at the increase both in fares and freight.

Sir Cyril Hurcomb in his New Year massage to the Transport Staff stated:—

> "When the Railways increased their fares and charges in October, 1947, it was estimated that they alone would have to earn an additional £65,000,000 a year *to make ends meet*. The final results for 1948, could not be known for some time, but it was clear that earnings were falling far short of expectations; at the end of November the Railways' additional earnings had only just reached £34,000,000. Since the Railways brought a very high proportion of the income accruing to the Commission, this shortfall was bound to have a serious effect on the Commission's finances generally."

The loss to the country in the first year of nationalization has yet to be determined,

but taking into account the decreased interest charge and the fact that receipts have been reduced by no less than 20 millions, the loss to the national income from the Railways will not be less than 40 millions. The traffic receipts for the month of January, 1949, show a further setback and road and rail transport still remain unco-ordinated and intensely competitive.

CIVIL AVIATION

THE Government are seriously concerned about the losses sustained by the British Overseas Airways and other branches of civil aviation. (So are the general public.) In 1946-47, the loss was over 10 millions, whilst for the year ending March, 1948, the loss was over 11 millions. Drastic economies in staff and administration are now the order of the day and the latest report is that the State airlines have been given an ultimatum that the loss for the ensuing year must be halved.

BULK BUYING

WHILST there was much to be said for the Government bulk buying during the war, I am convinced that by utilizing the experience and ability which Great Britain created during the past century, the taxpayers of this country would have been better served and millions of pounds saved. Bulk buying was supposed to eliminate wide price movements, but anyone with business experience knows that immediately a Government is negotiating for supplies the producer influences his own Government to get a better price than would possibly be the case under a system of free purchasing power by merchant and importer. Even to-day the Government have qualms about the adverse effects of bulk buying of cotton. I have no hesitation in saying that if this matter had been left in the hands of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange the country would have greatly benefited. Even now the reinstatement of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange would immensely benefit both the State and the Industry.

Mr. E. Mackenzie Hay is the President of the British Federation of Commodity Associations. It is an important body representing no less than forty-two trade organizations. When addressing a meeting in Liverpool in January this year he gave these pertinent comments on Government buying:—

> In the case of Linseed Oil, the Ministry of Food price to consumers here was jumped from £65 per ton to £135 overnight, and a little later on to £200 per ton. This was the outcome of a bulk buying deal with the Argentine, who negotiated as a bulk seller; and let it be noted that, even at this extortionate price, the consumers of Linseed in this country did not receive the satisfaction of knowing that they had at least realized the second bulk buying claim and assured for themselves adequate supplies for the future, because the Argentine Government passed on to the grower an insufficient margin of its profit, with the result that Argentine Linseed production in 1946/1947 was the lowest for over two decades. The present Ministry of Food price for Linseed Oil to our consumers is, I believe, £185 per ton, whereas in the United States and Canada, where the operation of the price mechanism has done its job of stimulating production to more than double the pre-war output, the price is only £140, and in Canada as low as £115, to the great advantage of the Paint and Linoleum manufacturers of those countries.
>
> When we regard the example of Cotton, which, since the suppression of the Liverpool Cotton Market, has been purchased by the Raw Cotton Commission and sold by them to the Spinners, we also see price fluctuations which, compared with those that occurred under the free market, resemble nothing so much as periodic thunderstorms to an occasional gentle rain. Liverpool used to consider a movement of twenty or thirty one-hundredths of one penny per pound one way or the other as something of an event, but evidently, your ideas were old-fashioned—the Raw Cotton Commission has no use for fractional movements of this kind, as one finds, for instance, that in American Cottons a movement of anything less than 1d. or 2d. a pound is apparently not worth consideration: while in the case of Egyptian types, spinners last year had one rise of a nice round 1s. 0d. a pound in March, followed by a further rise of another nice round sum—6d a pound this time—in May. These price vagaries, which I suggest make complete nonsense of the bulk buying claim to give price stability, never worried spinners before the war because the facilities available to them through the Future Market, provided opportunity for full protection in every situation.

STEEL

HERE we have a fresh technique introduced. Instead of the Government actively controlling the manifold activities of this great and vital industry they have decided to leave the control, certainly as regards administration and management, in the hands of those now responsible. The

pearl of principle is dissolved in the acid of political expediency. The impressive and constantly increased output of iron and steel since 1945 has been the foundation for our successful export drive.

When the dead hand of bureaucracy controls our industrial activities the taxpayer must pay the till.

THE GROUND-NUTS SCHEME

AFTER the most rosy estimates, it is now admitted that this scheme is but a quicksand for millions of British capital. What are the facts? The only chance of success is to let the whole scheme be managed and controlled by qualified people who are given freedom to do the tasks without official interference. I am convinced that unless Government present policy is halted the chances of this country's recovery will be severely handicapped if not destroyed.

The latest official report of the East African ground-nuts scheme was issued in January, 1948, and reviewed progress for the first year—from November, 1946, to November, 1947. The Minister of Food has said that he will not publish information regarding the scheme prior to the debate on ground-nuts, which is to be arranged with the Opposition "at as early a date as they like". The Overseas Food Corporation assumed responsibility for the scheme on 1st March, 1948, taking over from the United Africa Company Limited which had hitherto acted as managing agents for the Minister of Food. The Minister of Food has said that the Corporation would submit a report and accounts as soon as possible after 1st March, 1949, but he would not commit the Corporation to a particular date.

The original plan provided for the clearance of 3.2 million acres of bush by 1952, of which one-half would be under ground-nuts at any one time. The aim of the first year's operations was to clear 150,000 acres of bush for planting, and in this first year to plant the entire acreage with ground-nuts. In fact, however, less than 10,000 acres were planted. It was intended that by the end of 1948, 600,000 acres would be planted, but according to the *Crown Colonist* less than 25,000 acres have been planted with ground-nuts and slightly more than 25,000 acres with sunflowers. The decision to sow sunflowers is believed to have been taken in view of the difficulties of harvesting ground-nuts in soil which in the first season is full of small roots.

THE total capital cost of the scheme was originally estimated at £24 millions, but expenditure had by 1st March, 1948, reached £7.3 million. *The Times* has said that the final cost has been unofficially estimated at £80 millions. The yield was estimated at first at 750 lbs. of shelled ground-nuts per acre. A member of Parliament stated in a debate last December that he had been informed by the Corporation that the yields of the three varieties at present being grown were 460, 543 and 627 lbs. an acre.

The object of the scheme was to supply eventually over 220,000 tons of oil a year. Thus the scheme would provide nearly one-fifth of Britain's imports of edible oils and fats—estimated at 989,000 tons in 1946. The reasons for the failure of the ground-nuts scheme to develop as was expected are various. In the official report blame was laid on the late delivery of equipment, the inability to maintain tractors in regular operation ("spare parts, tools and mechanical repair facilities have been required on a far more extensive scale than it was possible to provide for at the outset"), and the unsuitability of design of the rooting machines. Unofficial sources have, in addition, stated that there has been administrative inefficiency and a general lack of foresight. Conditions in the port of Dar-es-Salaam have been described as "chaotic"—to which some support is given by the holding of a conference of Ministers and experts in January, 1949, to consider the problems of transporting ground-nuts within and from East Africa.

SUMMING up I have no hesitation in saying that nationalization as at present administered neither delivers the goods nor makes a profit. We are poorer as a nation to-day by nationalization. I believe the total loss to the State by the nationalization of

coal, railways, gas, electricity and civil aviation is costing the nation over £300,000,000 a year. How is this colossal figure arrived at?

	£
Coal	
By reason of change-over from profit to loss and charging £80 million more to industry and the public	140,000,000
Railways	
Reduction of interest to stockholders	20,000,000
Increased charges for fares and freight ..	65,000,000
And still showing a heavy deficit (say) ..	20,000,000
	105,000,000
Civil Aviation	11,000,000
Gas and Electricity	
Increased charges ..	25,000,000
Losses due to Bulk Buying by Government	?

The Minister of Food admitted in a written Parliamentary answer on 24th February, a loss in a year in potato and carrot trading of £10,000,000, although he had originally estimated he would be £730,000 in credit.

ARE we living in a Fool's Paradise? If so, how long can we go on? The time has come when even Governments must base their action and policy upon facts and cease squandering our sadly depleted resources. Unfortunately there has been a tendency since 1945, for hours of work to be reduced and wages, even for reduced hours, to be increased. It is not only our experience but the experience throughout the world wherever the system of public ownership has been adopted and tried. There is an unbroken record of loss in railways, shipping and in every other direction where the State has tried to do the job. British shipping is handicapped as it has never been before in its long and successful history by bad handling and delays due to Government control.

British industry is not something which has grown up in a night. It has been developed by the genius of our race through more than three hundred years. From the merchant adventurers we inherited the spirit of enterprise which has increased the standard of life for every Briton and enriched and developed the world. British quality is itself the accepted standard which other countries try to copy. Best of all, the world knew from long experience that a British merchant's word was his bond. It is due to these qualities that we are achieving such a success in our export drive.

THE quality of leadership is judged by the ability to cut a loss. I trust the Government will act on this principle. If they do, it will prove that the interests of the nation transcend the requirements of party. The Chancellor's stern warnings about the serious position of Britain have not yet shaken us out of our composure. The gap between the cost of out imports and the value of our exports is even now in spite of our really impressive achievements nearly one million pounds a day. The setback in commodity prices in the United States and the unrest and upheavals in various countries will soon make it more difficult for us to keep up our exports at the present level.

What must be our answer?

The courage and fortitude of the nation is unquestioned. The patriotism of the worker and of the nation remains unimpaired. With fearless leadership the recovery of Britain is certain. Our survival transcends all party considerations. Nationalization of Britain's industries imperils our chances of recovery and records of history warn us of our present folly. Let us see clearly the danger. If we do we can march forward with confidence and add to our own prosperity and the progress of mankind.

Theatre

EDITH EVANS AND GREAT ACTING

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

DAPHNE LAUREOLA, by James Bridie. *Wyndham's.*

THE QUEEN CAME BY, by R. F. Delderfield. *Duke of York's.*

STONE IN THE MIDST, by Patrick Dickinson. *Mercury.*

ADVENTURE STORY, by Terence Rattigan. *St. James'.*

LORD NORTHCLIFFE had a trick, when displeased with the make-up of his *Daily Mail*, of sending for his chief sub-editor of the moment and saying, "Go and ask Sol Issacs in Covent Garden where he shows off his best apples". "Seriously, sir?" "Yes, seriously!" The returning sub-editor:—"He says he puts them in the front of his shop-window, sir." "Exactly! Then why did you hide your best story of yesterday's paper away on a middle-page?" Supreme empiricism—but what common sense!

This as a preamble to putting a new play by Dr. James Bridie, "*Daphne Laureola*," at Wyndham's, with Dame Edith Evans in the leading and almost all-dominant part, far out at the head of the current list.

It is not a "great" play in any sense of the term. I doubt if it actually tries so high in intellectual endeavour as young Mr. Terence Rattigan's play on the Alexander the Great epic, "*Adventure Story*," at the St. James'. But it has many points of extraordinary unexpectedness and felicity about it—and is, and deserves to be, the current theatrical sensation.

Why is it this?

In the first place, because Dr. James Bridie is the problem child among our current playwrights. He writes plays (apparently—for I have no access to the secrets of his study), as casually as other people write letters. He always achieves one brilliant act—and then often gets tired and ends the letter with an indecipherable flourish. He occasionally achieves a second brilliant act, but how rarely. And very rarely indeed he achieves three whole acts that hang together. This he does in "*Daphne Laureola*". The play makes sense, or at least consecutive and brilliant phantasy, until the very end.

In the second place, it is charming to see our greatest classical actress in a modern and gay and semi-nonsensical part—in the first act, clad in one of Molyneux's finest creations in champagne-coloured satin (a masterpiece of a dress), helping her to look ravishing, in a mood of high expansiveness, in a London night-club. Dame Edith has served long years of brilliant apprenticeship in Chekhov and Shakespeare and the classics of seventeenth and eighteenth century English comedy. But for once we appreciate her night-out in fantastic modernity, and I am fairly certain that she appreciates it herself.

Lady Pitts (for such is Dame Edith in the play), the wife of an octogenarian millionaire, is feeling lonely and feeling bored and feeling in a need for communion with her fellow human-beings. She achieves this by drinking double brandies. She recounts her past life-story and her future aspirations in the clear penetrating voice of a well-bred English gentlewoman to the assembled denizens of the night-club.

It is interesting to note that western-European gentility needs, in general, alcoholic aid to do this. The Slavs have not the same inhibitions. Maurice Hindus told me that once in a Leningrad tram he heard an elderly man turn to his neighbour (a young

man totally unknown to him), and remark ruminatively, "Citizen, I have a problem on my mind. I am much in love with a younger girl—a very much younger girl. I am in a good job, and am getting plenty of money, and I think it probable that she would marry me if I asked her; but I ask you, is it *right* that I should marry a girl so much younger than myself? It seriously perplexes me." And the young man gave his considered answer. And the whole of the rest of the population of the tram joined in, vocally and vociferously. And the tram-terminal was reached with the debate at its height . . . But in England it needs a series of double brandies to reach this much of self-revelation.

Dame Edith, before being called for by her chauffeur-keeper, is fallen-in-love-with-by a romantic young Polish student, who equates her with the Daphne of classic legend and Beatrice and sundry goddesses of antiquity; and she invites the whole population of the night-club to tea at her country-house next Sunday.

On Sunday, in tweeds, she is the country-hostess, not knowing why or when she had invited any of her guests, but putting each at their ease with a few felicitous words—a scene of exquisite comedy, coupled with a scene of deeper emotion when her elderly husband (Mr. Felix Aylmer), suddenly but not unexpectedly dies.

In the third act she is back in the night-club, now married to her former chauffeur-keeper.

The young Pole happens to be there, by legitimate dramatic coincidence. He faints on the knowledge that she is re-married, but is brought round sufficiently to receive the full force of one of her greatest tirades:

Lady Pitts (*crossing to another woman in the night-club*)—(*at the top of her voice*):—"You're a woman. Tell him it isn't fair. They're in love with themselves, aren't they? They care nothing for us. Do they? They make up something out of their heads and borrow our faces and bodies to clothe it, like washing off a line. They do, don't they? . . . I told that fellow I had played the harlot over half Europe. He believed me. It wasn't true, but he believed me. And he didn't care, do you hear? He didn't care. There was never such a waste of a good lie! He simply wasn't interested. He wasn't interested in *me*. He wouldn't have noticed me at all, if I hadn't got tight and made a fool of myself. I burst in on his meditations and he said, 'Hello, here's a woman. She'll do for Beatrice',—or whatever cloudy tart he was dreaming about. It never occurred to him that I was a human being . . ."

Listen to Dame Edith saying this farrago of semi-nonsense and semi-sense. How all the years of playing classic comedy have lent "the play, the insight and the stretch" to her wringing the most out of it. The organ-tones of her voice, unnoticed at the time, but reverberating in our memory afterwards. The miraculous changes of key:—the "He didn't care, do you hear? He didn't *care*!", in tones of superb scorn. The comedy of "There was never such a waste of a good lie!" And then the devastating reference to the "cloudy tarts" that he was thinking about. It was a wonderful line of James Bridie's—but it was born up aloft to the gallery by an even more wonderful actress. And—which perhaps I thank her most for—the subtle underlining of the disdain of "*I burst in on his meditations* and he said "Hello . . ."

Great acting is comparatively rare in our generation. I think it will repay you to go—and to take your daughters and sons to see—this rare manifestation of it.

Mr. Felix Aylmer, very good. Mr. Frank Pettingell and Mr. Mark Stone (his make-up a masterpiece—a Molyneux in reverse, in hideousness), very good as two tired business men. Mr. Peter Finch, a young Australian actor whom Sir Laurence Olivier has picked up on tour, very good, and well worth a welcome to our English shores. The waiter and the chauffeur-keeper (Messrs. Martin Miller and Peter Williams) alike very good. Decor and direction by Messrs. Roger Furse, Roger Ramsdell and Murray MacDonald, very good. (And I mean this to be sincerely what it says, and not like the current Army certificate of conduct, when an army private on discharge with anything less than "*v. good*" on his papers has to have been abundantly detestable.) A great evening.

"*ADVENTURE STORY*"—a silly title that seems to play-down to our ears as would some such title as "Batt's Bears" transferred from the Children's Hour to the Third Programme—at the St. James', is a serious attempt at the Alexander-the-Great legend, by an accomplished and successful young playwright, Mr. Terence Rattigan.

The play is in two Parts, not in three or four Acts, as is normal. This has the unfortunate effect of emphasizing the two divisions of the play—the first half, the "*anabasis*" of the legend, the young Alexander on the rise, being as packed full of drama and excitement as an egg is full of meat, and the second half, the "*katabasis*" the gradual decline into failure and obscurity, being notably undramatic.

I cannot disassociate this from the fact of Mr. Paul Schofield being less—in my own mind and at the moment—a leading actor than an aspirant to the title.

He has certain unfortunate mannerisms in gesture. He has certain unfortunate mannerisms in his vowel-sounds. (You may ask, being phonetically trained, how I dare to reproach an English actor on his vowel-sounds, knowing that every English vowel-sound is really a diphthong? I would only say that Mr. Paul Schofield, who has done certain creditable performances at Stratford-on-Avon, does not speak his words with the cultured distinction of a Dame Edith Evans or a Sir Laurence Olivier. He should go to an elocution instructor—and he will find that it repays him. The gift of pushing his personality over the footlights to a London public may come in the near, or comparatively near, future—but not yet.

And what else, in casting eyes round the immediate theatrical scene in London ?

If you want to know what shop girls thought about and talked about in the last years of the reign of Queen Victoria, go to "*The Queen Came By*" by E. M. Delderfield, (author of "*Worm's Eye View*") at the Duke of York's. It is not much different from what they think about and talk about now, but it is well worth hearing because reported objectively and without prejudice and with intuition.

I WISH I could have a kindly word to say for the latest verse-drama sponsored by Mr. Ashley Dukes, "*Stone in the Midst*," by Mr. Patrick Dickinson, at the Mercury.

Why it claims to be in verse, I do not know, seeing that I could not begin to scan even a single sentence of it. This was not for lack of good speaking, for Miss Jessica Spencer had already, in "*Spring*, 1600," and "*Pick-Up Girl*," shown herself one of the outstandingly best of our younger leading actresses.

The play is an "occupation play" and a "resistance play"—with torturings and murders—of which we have already had many. But this time the occupation of England is achieved by an unspecified group known as "the Philistines".

With an example of the wish-wash composer, and his wish-wash lady love, before my eyes, I could only congratulate the Philistines.

As the great Saint Theresa of Arvilla recorded of herself as saying, when encountered with a raging torrent when she had gone on a journey to found another Convent for the glory of God:—"Oh, God, if you're so *beastly* to those that love you, do you wonder that so many people *hate* you?"

I love the poetic drama. I salute Col. Dukes' support of it. I wish I could give it a helping hand. But when is it going to give me, for me, the signal?

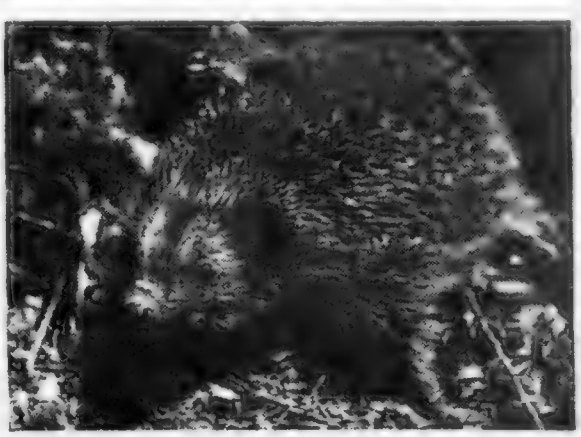
WILD LIFE OF SOUTH-EAST SURREY

By GERALD JOHNSTONE

A GREAT deal has been written in praise of West Surrey as a naturalist's paradise, more particularly, curiously enough, by Richard Kearton, who in fact lived near Caterham in East Surrey! It is true that in the east we lack the moors and commons of that part of the county which adjoins Hampshire and that, as a consequence, we cannot claim amongst our nesting birds such species as the curlew or the redshank, or even of smaller birds, the wheatear or its cousins the stonechat and whinchat, still less such rarities as the hobby and the Montague's harrier, which Kearton found breeding on the West Surrey moor which he has made famous in his writings.

Still, in the extreme south-east corner of the county where I live, not ten minutes' walk across the fields from Sussex, and barely twenty by car from Kent, we have a fair share of all those birds and beasts which frequent meadow, woodland, and open park land, interspersed with a number of small streams flowing ultimately into the Medway and dammed up here and there to form ponds and lakes of quite a reasonable size.

That delightful and, except in rare instances, harmless animal the badger is by no means uncommon, and in the month of October, 1945, one killed and demolished a hedgehog under one of the apple trees on my lawn! To my unceasing regret it was so misty on the night in question that I could see nothing, but the unearthly screams of the unfortunate victim woke me at around 2 a.m. At first, in my somnolent condition, I thought that it was a stoat killing a rabbit in the woods, but gradually it dawned on me that the noise came from the garden itself and that the wailing cries were not those of a rabbit at all. Then, more particularly as I could hear scratching interspersed with the wails, I attributed it to cats fighting! By the time that I was really awake and had my wits (such as they are) fully about me,



It is said the Hedgehog only wails when set upon by a Badger

the noise had stopped and a horrible crunching began. As I have already said I could see nothing, but by now I had put two and two together and was in no way surprised to see a small prickly corpse under one of the trees in the morning. An examination of the scene of the crime showed that the badger had come upon his victim on a large rose bed at one end of the lawn. The hedgehog had obviously "rolled up" at once, and had been scraped on to the lawn, together with a lot of earth from the flower bed, and had then been rolled about, while the badger's powerful claws scratched it out of its defensive posture, and finally eaten under the apple tree some twenty yards from the spot where the encounter began.

I was interested to see that literally nothing remained but the prickly outer shell, all else was gone—head, feet, and legs included—a sure sign that the killer was a badger and not a fox, which never makes such an absolutely clean job of it. It is said also by some writers that the hedgehog only wails when set upon by a badger, and receives the usually equally successful attacks of the fox, and of such dogs as have mastered the process of unrolling it, in stoical silence. As to this, I can say nothing. No dog that I have ever known has done more than bark at a rolled-up hedgehog, and I have never witnessed an attack by a fox. I can only positively confirm that it does wail most piteously when attacked by a badger.

Personally I was sorry to lose the hedgehog, which had been resident for some time under a large clump of rhododendrons, and which kept the garden to some extent free of slugs, but my wife was glad because she insists that when there is a hedgehog in the garden our dog (a small Jack Russell wire-haired) gets covered with fleas!

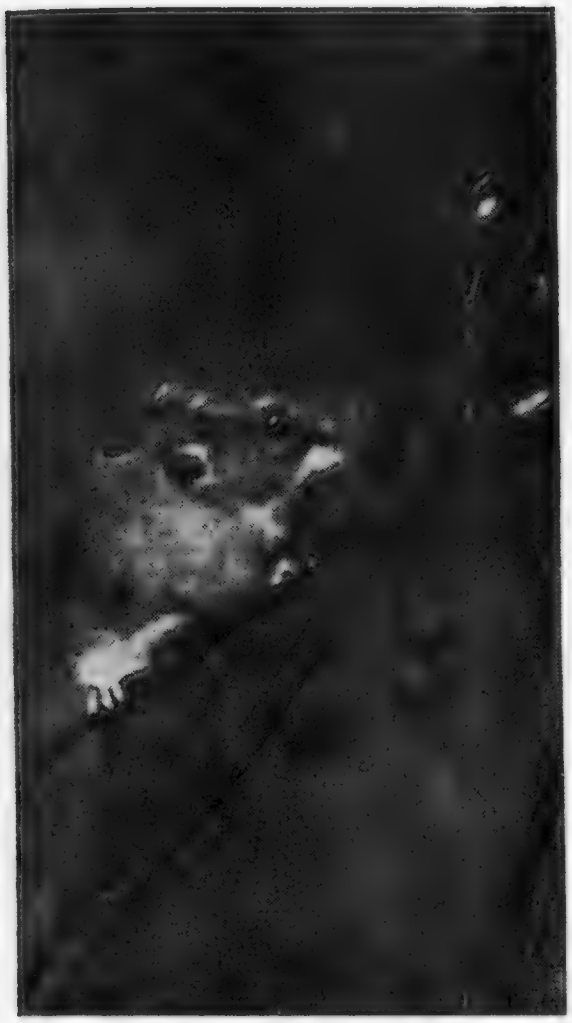
FOXES abound, and they also visit our garden from time to time. During the prolonged spell of snow last winter I frequently found the footprints of a fox in the snow cutting across the endless labyrinth of rabbit tracks on the lawn, but unfortunately there were never any signs of a kill. I say "unfortunately" because the rabbits are a perfect pest and eat not only vegetables but young plants of almost every species, especially wallflowers, and I can get no wire to keep them out. Indeed, after an unequal struggle lasting four years, during which I

That delightful and harmless animal is by no means uncommon

was sent backwards and forwards between the Surrey and Sussex War Agricultural Committees and the Office of Works, I have abandoned any attempt to do so!

I am inclined to attribute the rabbit menace in our part of the world to the absence of natural enemies. We have no birds which would prey on any but the smallest and feeblest of baby rabbits, and stoats are for some, to me obscure, reason very rare. They do not appear to have benefited in the least from the virtually total cessation of game preserving since 1939, and I doubt if I have seen a stoat half a dozen times in the course of seven years' residence. Possibly the farmers have kept them down, but if so it would seem a singularly short-sighted policy, since the rat and the rabbit are the farmers' public enemies numbers one and two and the stoat preys upon both, as does its cousin the weasel.

This latter is quite common I am glad to say, for it is an animal which in my opinion



The yellow necked mouse is a particularly beautiful species of mouse widely distributed over the country

should not be persecuted but rather encouraged. No doubt weasels kill a small number of game birds and also poultry, but their main occupation is with rats, mice and voles, and, very secondarily, as far as my observations go, with rabbits, which are pests also. I myself have never seen a rabbit killed by a weasel, though I have seen many dozens in the grip of a stoat. I have, on the other hand, met a small weasel in Herefordshire carrying a rat quite four times its own size, and generally speaking when I see them, weasels are hunting along banks and hedges where the smaller rodents are plentiful. The other day in a wood near my house one ran across the path and up to the foot of a large tree amongst whose roots there was a mouse hole (presumably belonging to a long-tailed field, or wood, mouse). Into this it wriggled its way. I waited some minutes, but it did not reappear, so I have little doubt that it found at least one plump mouse in the labyrinthine tunnels under the tree.

AS a matter of fact I had no idea what a number of the small mammals we had in our part of the country till we took in during the snow season a cat whose owners were in Eire. In the course of six weeks she brought home seven different species—field and bank voles, common and lesser shrews, and house, field, and yellow-necked mice. These latter are a particularly beautiful species of mouse, first identified by Mr. de Winton in the last century in Herefordshire, but in fact widely distributed over the country. They are substantially larger than the ordinary field mouse, a warm chestnut in colour, and have a bright orange bar or cross on the throat. Still beautiful though they are they constitute in my view legitimate prey for a cat, since the latter eats them. What stuck in my gullet were the shrews which, on account of their musty smell, no animal will eat, but which cats will torture by the hour. I rescued several of them from our temporary guest and liberated them under the rhododendrons, where the earth itself was not covered in snow.

That brings me nearly to the end of the local terrestrial mammals. The hare is very scarce. I have seen only one since 1940! The otter occasionally comes up the streams to fish in the bigger lakes, but it is not a resident. The loathsome brown rat, which persons of Jacobite sympathies like to remember, first made its appearance in these islands, together with certain other unpleasant persons of alien origin, in the early 18th century, is very common, and this summer I saw a dead black rat which had been brought in by a cat in the village. This smaller, but hardly less obnoxious animal reached Britain in the 11th century and has lately undergone an amazing revival in our cities, especially ports, after being almost driven out by its larger relative. It is unusual, and disquieting, to find it in a small village such as ours. Another unwanted alien which occurs in some numbers

is the grey squirrel—the native red has long since disappeared. The mole is extremely common, and the water shrew and water vole are to be found in all suitable localities.

The bats are an almost insuperable problem to me! I have no great difficulty in identifying the large noctule and serotine bats, nor, of course, the common pipistrelle. But beyond that I confess to the greatest difficulty in telling one species from another in the air, and I never see them at any other time. Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald tells me that it is "easy" to identify them by their manner and height of flight, and with the aid of his written and verbal comments I think that I have made out pretty certainly that we have (in addition to the three named above) the long-eared, whiskered and barbastelle bats, and less certainly the red-grey (or Natterer's) and Leisler's. The one bat which on account of its habitat should be easy to recognize—namely, Daubenton's, or the water bat—for a long time eluded me, though I visited the two lakes nearest to my house on many occasions at dusk for the express purpose of looking for it. However, on the evening of 13th July, 1947, happening to pass the lake at 11.15 p.m., I saw in the rapidly fading light a pair of these bats skimming low over the water.

The weasel's main occupation is with rats, mice and moles

OF the reptiles and bachtrachia the common toad is easily the most numerous in our area. The gardens are full of them, and so are the fields and woods. They breed in the lake nearest to my house, which is really an old hammer-pond dating from the days of the iron trade in the weald. I have no doubt that toads have bred there from time immemorial. About the breeding season they move down in hundreds to the lake, so that the roads nearby are covered with the corpses of toads run over after dark by cars. I had myself an eerie experience one night towards the end of March, 1947. It was soon after the great frost ended and the lanes and paths round the lake were a morass with the thaw, added to which, on the evening in question, it was pouring with rain and the atmosphere was hot and steamy. However, armed with an umbrella and torch and wearing heavy gum-boots, I sallied forth between 9 and 10 p.m. to take my dog for a run, and as he likes that way, we took the lane to the lake. Before long I was almost ankle deep in toads! The lane was thick with them. Heads protruded from every little pool in the surface and small yellowish forms sat, or scrambled about, on the drier places. Many were already coupling, and from the ditches and tangled grass at the side of the lane came the mating croak of the toad, which is usually a silent animal. It took me half an hour to traverse a distance of at most three hundred yards and get past the lake again! Each step had to be made with the utmost care, and if I had not had a torch I must have killed dozens of them. By the time I had reached "toad-free" ground again I was in a "muck

sweat" and I would not have made the journey again for any money on earth!

I find toads most fascinating creatures to study, more especially since they have the same indifference to the presence of man as the robin, and to some extent the hedgehog, manifest. If you do not make sudden movements, which frighten them, they will go unconcernedly about their business even with a human being within inches of them.

IN the spring of 1946 a grass-snake laid thirty eggs—peculiar glutinous-looking things they are too—in the said compost heap, where they were found when it was being turned later in the year. This beautiful, useful and entirely harmless snake is very common, and dozens may be seen sunning themselves on the railway embankment in warm weather. Grass-snakes are great swimmers, and my friends who live on the bank of the lake to which I have so frequently referred tell me they often see them swimming across it. The adder does not occur just in our district, it is too damp, but the other side of East Grinstead, both in Ashdown Forest and near Felbridge, it is common, and I have seen some beautiful specimens in the former locality.

Passing from the snakes to the lizards, I feel that it is inconceivable that the slow-worm, a legless lizard, which by the uninformed is usually mistaken for a snake and killed on sight, does not occur in our locality, but I have not seen one. On the other hand, the common lizard justifies its name! Like the grass-snake it enjoys sunning itself on the railway embankment, and I saw one there last summer in the act of swallowing a caterpillar nearly as large as itself. When I came upon it about an inch and a half of caterpillar still stuck out of the lizard's mouth, which was open to the limit of its jaws, whilst its throat was distended to about double its usual size. At approximately half-minute intervals the lizard gave a convulsive swallow, which drew in another section of the caterpillar, and in just over two minutes by my watch the whole meal was finished, and the lizard with a rather glassy look in its eyes settled down to begin the process of assimilation!

At least two of the three British newts inhabit our lakes and ponds. The large crested newt, which looks like a tiny edition of some prehistoric monster, and the common or smooth newt. It may well be that the third species, the palmate, also occurs, but it is rather local in the South-East of England as a whole.

The common toad is easily the most numerous in our district

GEORGE TURBERVILLE: 1540-1610
A DORSET WORTHY

By JOHN BOWLE*

ON the road between Blandford and Dorchester under the Dorset downs lies the village of Winterborne Whitchurch, the birthplace of the sixteenth century writer, George Turberville. He was descended from the ancient family of Turberville of Bere Regis, since famous through Thomas Hardy's "Tess"; they are commemorated in the fine late medieval Church there, with its great carved roof put up by Cardinal Morton.

On his mother's side he was a Morgan of Mapperton at the other end of the County near Beaminster, where the great house rebuilt by his grandfather still stands. The Morgans came out of Wales, and it may be his native good sense was touched with Celtic imagination, the two strains symbolized by the contrasting landscape of the downs round Winterborne Whitchurch and the combes and hills round Mapperton, where the chalk upland merges into the West Country.

George Turberville was sent to "Wykeham's Schole" at Winchester. He was fourteen when he set out, in 1554, to make the slow journey across country—over the Avon at Fordingbridge, through the Forest, through Romsey; coming down on the city, the ancient capital of Wessex, to the grey gate of College. In 1561 he went on to Wykeham's other foundation, New College at Oxford, where he was admitted a Fellow. He left the year after for the Inns of Court. In these more worldly surroundings he qualified for the position which gives him interest as a traveller, while from his Dorset background he drew the knowledge for his books on sport which are his most enduring claim to remembrance.

TURBERVILLE'S writings are of three kinds; his poetry and translations; his letters of travel from Russia, and his books of Hawking and Hunting.

His short poems and epigrams were published in 1567. He translated the "Heroical Epistles" of Ovid, dedicated to the Dorset landowner, Lord Howard of Bindon. He wrote "Tragical Tayles", mainly taken from the Italian. He attempted to translate Lucan, but occasion "broke his purpose": the version of Tasso ascribed to him is almost certainly by another hand. The account of Russia was written in 1568. The books on Hawking and Hunting, with their fine woodcuts, first appeared in 1575 and 1576.

His poetry has least stood the test of time. Honest effort pervades these laborious pages. He begins his little book of "Epistles and Epigrams" with a dedication to the Lady Anne, Countess of Warwick, daughter of the first Earl of Bedford, head of the rising Russell family, with its roots, like his own, in Dorset.

"When nature first in hand did take"

he begins, not very elegantly,

"The clay to frame this Countesse Corse,
You were well knowne of Russell's race a childe
Of Bedford's blood, that now doth live an Earle..."

The address to the Earl of Surrey is no more finished:

"No one is able to depaint at full
The flowing fountains of his sacred skull."

And Turberville's picture of the Thames parodies Spenser's*

"Thou stately stream yt with the swelling tide
'Gainst London walles incessantly doth beate,

*Vide Spenser, Prothalamium. "Sweet Thames runne softlie till I ende my song," etc.

*Mr. John Bowle is Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford.

Thou Thames (I say) where barge and bote doth ride
And snow white swans doe finde their needfulle meate."

He is happier, indeed, in simpler vein; in the tradition of Skelton or "Gammer Gurton's Needle", as in his "Epigram on Dronkenesse"

"At night when ale is in
Like friends we part to bed,
In morrow grey when ale is out
Then hatred is in head."

It seems the poet found composition hard going. He censures critics who maintain that poetry should be written only by those with a talent for it:

"Let each one trie his force," he says sturdily, "and do the best he can—"

a very proper Dorset sentiment. Not, of course, as he is careful to point out, that he enjoyed writing.

"I undertooke this toyle, not for any pleasure I did myself in penning thereof. . . ."

Such is Turberville's poetic vein. Over the translations, which have a certain clumsy vitality, we may draw a veil: it is as a traveller and writer on sport that he is most rewarding.

But his promise as a poet got him the opportunity of travel. "Being esteemed" says Anthony Wood, "a person fit for business, as having a good and ready command of his pen, he was entertained by Thos. Randolph Esq., to be his secretary when he received commission from Queen Elizabeth to go as ambassador to the Emperor of Russia".*

So this homely poet was one of the first Englishmen to visit and describe the sixteenth century Muscovites in the reign of Ivan the Terrible.

HE went in the train of one experienced in politics. Randolph, who came of the same class of country gentry in Kent as Turberville in Dorset, had been educated at Christ Church. Later he had held the office of Principal of Broadgates Hall, the forerunner of the modern Pembroke College, Oxford. He had fled to Paris during the Marian persecutions, and taken up with the Calvinist Buchanan, later Tutor to James I. One of Cecil's agents, after secret service in Germany, he had been through some close vicissitudes in Scotland, for he had tried to inveigle Mary Queen of Scots into an English Protestant marriage and been thrown out by Darnley. This experience in dealing with the Scots,—(he was later to go back there and play a notable part in politics)—was probably thought a good qualification for dealing with the Russians.

Besides being commissioned "to use such ceremonies as shall stand by (the Queen's) honour" and to thank the Tsar for his friendly writings, Randolph was to administer a mild diplomatic snub. Ivan had made a characteristic diplomatic *démarche*. He had secretly suggested to Elizabeth an arrangement for mutual refuge, if either had occasion to fly their own country. This friendly offer, as from one precarious tyrant to another, was to be firmly repudiated. "The Queen thinks that Jenkinson (the previous envoy) might have misconstrued the words of the Emperor, for that she has no manner of doubt of the continuance of her peaceable government . . . and knows nothing to the contrary of the State of the said Emperor." None the less, "should any mischance happen to his Estate, he shall be as friendly received in her dominions as if he had special covenants signed and sealed".

Ivan's attempt at insuring a safe retreat was not without cause. By 1568 his long reign (1533-1582) was working up to its climax. Since 1564, when he had passed through a neurotic crisis, the Tsar had established a despotism based on the "Oprichnina", the personal territories,—including half Russia—"set apart" and ruled through the "Oprichniki", or secret police.

"The Oprichnik police" says Pares* "rode on black horses and were clothed in black, carrying a dog's head at their saddle bow . ." Further the Tsar was already a prey to passions which were to culminate in the murder of the Tsarevitch in 1581,—"alternating between orgies of license and repentances, half mocking and half sincere, in

Athenae Oxonienses. edit: Bliss. 1. 627.

*See. Sir Bernard Pares. A History of Russia. pp. 109-112. Knopf. New York 1937.

which, dressed as a monk, he would take part in Church services, read to his riotous company about the virtues of temperance as a preface to a night of feasting and drunkenness, now delighting in torturing prisoners, now beating his head against the Church floor in contrition. . . ."

EXTERNALLY, too, Ivan's position was difficult. From the South East the Turkish-Tartar menace was severe; in 1571 an army from Crimea was to burn Moscow. From the West came the threat of the powerful Polish-Lithuanian Kingdom of the Jagellons; the Swedes were denying Russian access to the Baltic. He needed English artificers and shipbuilders and artillery. Sigismund of Poland-Lithuania had written to Elizabeth begging her to refuse. "Up to now" he says, "we could conquer him only because he was a stranger to education and did not know the arts."

Elizabeth's directive was therefore cautious. In view, she said of the hostility between the Tsar, the "Empire of Rome", and the Kings of Poland and Sweden, no alliance was to be concluded. The aim was purely commercial, the grant and extension of privileges to the English merchants in Russia; nor,—and again the instructions are characteristic,—were the gifts to be extravagant. Randolph was to "present him a rich standing cup of silver, and in it a great number of pieces of plate artificially wrought, and shall recommend it more for the variety of fashion than for the value".*

Randolph himself narrates the main events of his mission.† Its account shows Russian diplomacy true to form.

The voyage out was propitious. "The 22nd day of June in the year of our Lord, 1568, I went aboard the *Harry*, lying in the road at Harwich, with my company, being to the number of fortie persons or thereabout, of which the one half were gentlemen, desirous to see the World".‡

After thirty-two days sailing, in which they suffered "no outrage of sea", they came to St. Nicholas Roads. Here they were hospitably entertained by the monks, whose drunkenness and "idolatry" shocked them. The travellers were then "brought up to Mosco" by easy stages by the Emperor's men. They got a good impression of the towns and country, and were struck with the fertility and numerous population of the area round the capital.

But their reception was disconcerting. They were "received by no man, not so much as our own countrymen were suffered to meet us, which bred suspicion in me of some other course intended than we had hitherto found". Russian wariness led to corresponding distrust, though there was actually no occasion for alarm.

They were held in comfort but in isolation for seventeen weeks, and the Russian winter set in. Then, suddenly, at eight in the morning of February the 20th, Randolph was summoned by the Tsar.*

He presented the "notable great cup of silver, curiously wrought". Ivan, being too busy to "dine openly", sent out a vast meal from his own table, carried by fifty persons, marshalled by a "duke". The feast that followed was well up to Muscovite standards.

A few days later the real business began. Ivan, as one would expect, conducted his affairs in the small hours. The ambassador was summoned at midnight in the worst of the winter; he suffered, he complains, greatly from the cold. But the Tsar talked in private for three hours.

Decisions were made. In April, Randolph had his final audience at the Tsar's country retreat at "Stovoda". The main purpose of the visit had been achieved.

The terms were favourable. In return for a tribute on all goods in transit, the Tsar allowed the English to trade south down the Volga to the Caspian and beyond, together with letters for the "great Shaugh" of Persia, permission to work certain iron mines, and

*Calendar of State Papers, Foreign 1566-1568. 2272. June 16. 1568.

†Hakluyt. Principal Navigations Vol. III.

‡Hakluyt. op. cit. pp. 102-8.

*"We John Vasiliwich, by the Grace of God great Lord, Emperor and Grand Duke of all the Russias, of Volodamer, Moscovia, Novgorod, Emperor of Kazan, Tversky, Vgorsky, Bulgaria and all Siberland, Great commander of the Northern Parts."

most of the rights, privileges, and adjustments they had come to obtain. Certain merchants in trouble with the Russians were released: others, renegades or illegitimate competitors, handed over: the Ambassador and his suite obtained increased allowances and leave to return. They came back by the same route in July 1569 and arrived in London in September.*

SUCH from the ambassador's description was the background of Turberville's account. It was probably during the boredom of the Russian winter that the letters were composed. They are entitled "Certaine letters in verse, written by Master G. T. out of Muscovia".† There are three of them; the first addressed to his "especial friend Master Edward Dancie"; the second to "Spencer" —not probably, the poet,—who in parting "had wrung him by the fist" and made him promise news; and the last to "Parker". The first refers mainly to Russian drinking habits and Russian women; the second to houses, cooking, animals and agriculture; the third to the appearance of the men, their methods of fighting and of Government.

These versified letters show Turberville at his best. His range was cumbrous and limited, his verse stuffed with clumsy conceits, but he had an eye. The rumbling, old-fashioned verses, harking back more to early Tudor fashion than anticipating later Elizabethan sophistication, were a telling medium.

As might be expected, this Elizabethan Wykehamist did not approve of the countrymen of Ivan the Terrible. Their capacity for drink, their ideas of comfort and privacy, their architecture, their bedding, their dress, their heating, their religious practices, their methods of Government filled him with distrust. His account is interesting, not only for the light it throws on Russian manners and customs, but on the author.

It was the drinking habits of the Muscovites which most immediately impressed him.

> "A people passing rude, to vices vile inclined,
> Drinke is their whole desire, a pot is all their pride."

Russian hospitality was alarming.

> "If he to banket bidde his friends, he will not shrinke
> On them at dinner to bestowe a douzen kinds of drinke. . . . ."

In consequence.

> "The soberest head doth once a day stand needfull of a guide."

But he thought the *Kvas* insipid, "somewhat tart to taste".

Russian piety, too, was uncongenial. He disliked the ikons. "Devotely down they duck with forehead to the ground."

> "Was never more deceit in ragges and greasy garments found."

The typical Russian woman, he remarks, is "mewed up" by a stove.

"She paints and pranks her smoakie face," wears large ear-rings and bestrides her horse "against our use".

The winter is appalling, and lasts seven months. Then the land is unworkable, "so glarie is the ground". The animals find shelter in the house, in uncomfortable proximity to man.

> "In comes the catell then, the sheep, the colt, the cow,
> Fast by the bed the Muscovite a lodging doth allow . . ."
> "Their beasts be like to ours, as far as I can see
> For shape and show but somewhat less of bulk and bone they be."

The meat is certainly inferior:

> "Of watrish taste, the flesh not firme *like English beefe*."

"But yet," he concludes with fine complacency, "it serves them very well."

ELIZABETHAN England was not luxurious, but Turberville was impressed by the crudity of Russian ways. They had, he said, no proper cooking; only "vittels in a pan"; no pewter, only birch drinking cups, and they carried their knives and spoons about. The wooden houses struck him

*Under July 10th 1569 there is recorded a grant by Ivan Vasiliwich, Emperor and Grand Duke of all Russia, of certain privileges for the Merchant Adventurers, at the solicitation of Thos. Randolph, the English Ambassador at the Court of Russia. Cal: State Papers Domestic 1547-1580. p. 338.

†Reprinted in Hakluyt op. cit. pp. 124, 135.

unfavourably. "No stone work", he says "is in use",—"their walls are all of Tree." And they have no glass.

Their bedding is inferior, particularly the bolsters, though there are plenty of feathers through the great head of game. Guests are generally given a bear-skin under the ikon, and use their own saddles as pillows. Spenser, he thinks would have "loathed to lay his limbs on a bear".

He concludes the second letter despondently.

"Loe, thus I make an ende, no other news to thee
Save that the Country is too cold, the people beastly be."

In the third letter he describes the men.

"The Russie men are round of bodies, fully faced,
The greatest part with bellies big that overhang the waste,
Flat headed, for the most, with faces nothing faire."

Like the women, they suffered from the stove:—

" But brown by reason of the stove and closeness of the air."

They have cropped heads, unless they have offended the prince, when they let their hair grow until he is "appeased". In general their clothes are "dull", with high hats and long embroidered shirts. They use birch saddles, unornamented, and fight from the saddle with the short "Turkie" bow; their small arrows have cruel heads that "fell and forked be". The horses are lively and have great endurance; they use short stirrups but no spurs, only a whip. The Russians play chess and gamble with dice, but without a box.

"At play, when silver lacks, goe saddle, horse and all."

But it was not Russian drinking, "idolatry", confusion or dirt that roused Turberville's deepest disapproval; it was their method of Government. They have, he says, "No laws";—there is arbitrary power.

"But all is as the King his will to save or else to slay.
And that sans cause, God wot, if so his mind be such."

They have therefore no security of property or inheritance; and he sums up his dislike of the Tsar's absolutism in a telling phrase, expressing the English tradition, already so strong, coming down from Bracton and Fortescue, and looking forward to the 17th century:—"Will" he says, "in Common Weale doth beare the only sway."

Finally, he concludes, the Elizabethan Irish problem in his mind, there is little to choose between the Russians and the Irish.

"Wilde Irish are as civil as the Russes in their kinde
Harde choice which is the best of both, each bloody, rude and blinde,"

—with which insular observation the letters end.

SUCH is the prejudiced, racy, and observant account left by Turberville of his Russian expedition. And how English it is! The complacency, the lack of imagination, the absence of sympathetic understanding; yet the basic insistence on decency, order and the rule of Law. The blindness to the bizarre and the picturesque, the detailed, practical observation, paralleled by so many subsequent English travellers; in part defensive, in part stark insensibility and dislike of muddle. Here are none of Marlowe's romantic vision, of Shakespeare's or Raleigh's range, but the commonplace reaction of a man representative of the run of English life. Not all Elizabethans had the high Renaissance touch.

There is no evidence that he travelled again. His other and most memorable works were on a subject more congenial.

The two large books on Hawking and Hunting were highly successful and sold widely. The preface to the first shows his poetic technique unchanged.

". . . accept" he says "the printer's pain
who shows thee sundrie shapes of hawks, though little to his gaine . . .
Both he and I can do no more than offer our goodwill
And all to further thy delight and add unto thy skill"
". . . . you cannot" he concludes, "Doe a better deed than thank the painful man."

Games, he says, were first devised to "daunt the dumps", and, "more than that, to further health by moving to and fro". There is the same touch of conscientious effort. But looking now at the bold woodcuts

of the book on Hawking, one can imagine what it was to mean to many countrymen, not otherwise very literate, in the provincial manor houses of the early 17th century, part of the life that was later to include Izaak Walton and Aubrey, — the political and economic conflicts of the time passing over their heads.

AMONG other things the book deals with the care of spaniels, used as "superintendents and necessary servants, both for the hawks and falconer". He is concerned, characteristically, with their liability to canker in the ears. "Every man doth know", he writes, "there is a kinde of vile disease that lights upon Spaniel's ears, which doth greatly vexe them in the summer time, especially with the flies, and the scratching and tearing themselves with their feet . . . to the great annoyance of the poore spaniels."

His remedy for worms is unconvincing. "Cause your spaniel" he says "either by love or force, to eate while he is fasting the yoke of an egg, with two scruples of good saffron beaten into powder . . ."

There was a worse menace, too, hydrophobia. Turberville's remedies were frightful. "If he were bitten by a mad dogge, it shall be best . . . to thrust through the skin of his head and pol with a hot iron just betwixt the ears . . . and after that with your hand to plucke up the skin of the dogge's shoulders and flanks backwards, thrusting it through with the hot iron in like manner. The giving of the vent to the wound will greatly *pleasure* the spaniel." Finally there is a passage about the dog's appearance. "It is very necessary", he writes, "to cutte off a little of the spaniel's tayle, when it is whelp . . ." Then he will "presse into the covert", and "besides the benefit of it, the dog becomes more beautifull by cutting the topp off his sterne. . . ."

The other book, on hunting, first appeared in 1576. It was entitled "The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, wherein is handled and set out the Vertues, Nature, and Properties of Siventene Sundrie Chases together, with the order and maner how to Hunt and Kill every one of them."*

The book covers a wide field. It deals with the "Antiquitie" of hounds, with their "sundry sortes, severall natures and properties"; with the "nature and hunting of the Hart, Bucke, Rayndeer, Rowe, wilde Goate, wilde Bore, Hare, Conie, Foxe, Badgerd, Marterne or Wildcat, Otter, Wolfe, and Beare". There is a chapter on diseases of hounds, on coursing with greyhounds and on the "measures of blowing, complete with a musical score".

The author begins with his usual references to "paines in translating and gathering the worke"; to the printer's charge and diligence in publishing the same; to the "great summes" disbursed and to the disinterestedness of the publisher. There follows a moralizing poem by the well-known and rather disreputable poet, George Gascoyne, in commendation of hunting.† It is a laborious moral justification of sport in a familiar English tradition.

"Contention comes by coyne and care doth contecke few.
And sodeyne death by care is caught, all this you know is true.
Hunting 'occupies the mind, which else may chance to muse',

*Translated and collected for the pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentilmen out the best approved authors which have written anything concerning the same; and reduced into such order and proper names as are used here in this Noble Realm of England.

It is dedicated to 'Sir Harry Clinton, Knight, Lord Clinton and Saye, Maister of the Hart Houndes to the Queens most Excellent Majesty, this excellent Arte of Venerie or Hunting, either out of straunge authors or by conference of our country huntsmen, is here in this book diligently and sensibly declared. London 1576.'

There is a frontispiece of hounds unleashed to the accompaniment of a vigorous blast of the horn. Several of the illustrations of animals still show a mediaeval convention, as though the artist had never set eyes on them.

†"Olde George Gascoyne" c 1525?-77. gs. of Sr. Wm. Gascoyne, comptroller of the household to Cardinal Wolsey. Educated Trinity College Cambridge. Friend of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, M.P. for Bedford, 1557-9. Disinherited for extravagance and charged with manslaughter, atheism and debt, 1572. Fought in the Low Countries, 1572. Wrote 'Gascoyne's Voyage into Holland. The Delectable History of Dan Bartholomew of Bath. A Glasse of Government, a moral tale. The Stele Glas, a satire. A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthed Droonkards, 1576. Collected Works 1587.'

On mischief, malice, filth, of frauds, that mortal
men doe use,
And, as for exercise, it seems to bear the bell
Since by the same mens bodies be in health
maintained well"
"I might at large express" he continues "how
early huntsmen rise,
And how the nimble hare, by turning in hir
course
Dothe plainly prove that policy sometimes sur-
passes force . . .
A sport for noble peers, a sport for gentle bloods,
The paine I leave for servants, suche as beate the
bushie woods."

There follows a further poem by "T.M.Q.", the equivalent of a modern publisher's advertisement.

THE book, it says, is fetched out of all kinds of recondite sources.

As much . . . as Latine, Greeke,
Italyans, French, High Dutch or English skill
Can teache to hunt, to herbor, lodge, or seeke
To force, to take, to conquer or to kill,
All games of chase; so much this book descries
In proper terms as wit can well devise . . ."
"Wherefore my muse must recommend the same,
As worthy praise, and, better, worth the price.
A book well bought—God graunt it to be solde,
For, sure, such books are better worth than
gold."

After this spirited exhortation to the public, the book begins with a very curious short history of hounds. And how Brutus brought the Trojans to Brittany and thence to Totness, and how they brought their hounds with them. There are some very odd references to "killing Rayndeer in Barbarie" with "white dogges" that can stand the heat. Then, turning to the breeding of staghounds, he discusses the best way to make a bitch "go proude". "Take two heade of garlic, halfe ye stone of a beaste which is called castor, with a dozen of flies called cantharides . . . Boyle all these together in a pot holding a pinte, with mutton, and she will not faile to go proude." It would, indeed, after this, be an apathetic animal that failed to do so. It is important, too, that she be mated after the full moon, if possible under the sign of Aquarius, for "the dogges which bee engendered . . . shall not be subject to madnesse" and will tend to be males. Further, the first time she is mated it should be with a "fayre dogge of good kind, for in all the litters she shall have after there shall be one which resembles the first".

It is important, too, that the puppies should be brought up in a spacious kennel in an "orientall" part of the house, with a running conduit and proper hygiene, and a good keeper to rule by kindness. The descriptions of the ritual of the hunt are very elaborate. At an assembly for a prince or "comely Queen" an enormous spread of cold veal, capon, beef, and goose; of pigeon pies and cold mutton, is followed up by "Neate's tongues powdered well, and gambones of the Hogge. And saulsages and savoury knacks to set mens minds on gogge". The Personage should be allowed to cut off the head of the deer, "for they take delight to cut off their heads with woodknives". But hunting is not all a picnic: it has its dangers, which, of course, have their moral. "For we read of an Emperor named Basil . . . Behold, gentle reader, the unconstancie of unstable fortune. A prince, who hath done so many deeds of prowes among men . . . was at the last, in the pride of his pleasure, in the pursuit of his pastime, and in the unexpected day of his destiny, vanquished, slayne and gored with the horns of a brute beaste." The moral, says Turberville, characteristically, is for princes not to exasperate their harmless subjects.

He proceeds to the finer points of hunting technique, concluding with a laboured little poem, the "Woeful words of the Harte to the Hunter".

But the fiercest quarry is the boar. For him you must use mastives. He is ferocious from birth. "The Bore is of this nature, that when his dam doth pigge him, he hath as many teeth as ever he will while he liveth." And he will live for twenty or twenty-five years. He is liable to turn when cornered, charge into the thickest of the pack and break out; he is expert in taking cover.

But the cheapest and easiest sport is to hunt the hare—a curious animal, unaccountable in its habits, and intelligent.

"It is a great pleasure to beholde the subtiltie of the little poore beaste and what shift she can make for herselfe." They will take to water and get among sheep; go up one side of a hedge, then quietly come down

the other. The centuries dissolve as Turberville sets down from his own experience characteristics of the hare familiar to any countryman to-day. "If when a hare ryseth out of the forme she set up her ears, and run not very farst at first, and caste up her scut upon her backe, it is a token that she is an old and crafty hare."

TURBERVILLE categorically states that the rabbit is better eating than the hare, a prejudice still strong among the village people. "The conie is a common beast, well knowen to all men* . . . the flesh of the conie is much better than the flesh of the hare, for the hare's flesh is much dryer and more melancholicke." The best way to catch conies is to drive them to ground with "spannels and curres", then to net the openings and put in a ferret—poor sport, but useful for food. He "accompts ferreting one of the coldest and unpleasantest chases that can be followed".

The fox, for the Elizabethan sportsman, had none of his subsequent prestige. He is vermin and classed with the "badgerde", of which animal there are two kinds, one worse than the other, for they "are much curster, and agayne, they stinke much worse". Like the fox, the badger "preys upon pullen", but if caught young, can be tamed. He has kept tame ones himself up to four years old. "It is a pleasure to behold them when they gather stuffe for their nest or couche." They are long lived and hard to kill.

But there is nothing to be said for the fox. "As touching foxes, I account small pleasure in hunting them." He thinks in terms of digging them out: they are too common to be worth detailed description. They stink and their habits are filthy; the very greyhounds shirk coming to grips with them. The Elizabethan fox was too much of a nuisance to be the object of a cult.

> "Reynard the Foxe am I, a crafty childe well known,
> A bastard kind of curre, mine ears declare the same
> And yet my wit and policie have purchased me great fame."

*The word rabbit is here used to denote the young of the conie, as one would use "leveret" or "cubs".

There are laborious village jokes about two legged foxes that "eate the Duckes when four legs bear the name". The tradition is still Chaucerian.

OF the wild cat and the otter, Turberville has not much to say. "I am sure that there is no vermin which doth more hurt in a warren than a wild catt doth." As for otters, they do a power of damage to fishponds, but "I will not speak more of their nature, but only that they are footed like a goose". "The Otter's Oration" which concludes the chapter, reaches the lowest level of the author's verse.

He passes, in conclusion, to a wild description of "outlandish beasts", in particular, of bears and wolves. The latter have topical interest; though extinct in England, they are common in Ireland, where so many gentlemen are taking up land. Finally, he is concerned, as in the book on Hawking, with the illness of dogs. "Above all deseases they are most cumbered with madness . . . the first is called ye burning madness, or ye desperate madness." The remedies suggested are again frightful.

Looking back, in conclusion, over both Turberville's books, it is apparent that the main interest and prestige of sport was still, as in medieval times, to follow "the hart that men hunt in the high woods". Next came the hare, the coney and the otter: last of all, the fox. The other elaborate and fashionable sport was hawking.

For both these interests George Turberville successfully catered, and, indeed, this aspect of his life may well have been the most congenial. He is a representative Elizabethan of an earlier vintage than the men of the great days of the 'eighties and 'nineties. His verse is pedestrian, echoing the clumsiness of earlier Tudor rhyme; his provincialism as a traveller obvious, his moralizing trite. But with his shrewd observation, love of sport and gusto for life, he is a representative Dorset worthy as well. One may perhaps best think of him, with poetic tasks laid aside and outlandish travels over, among his spaniels and his hawks, with the cloud shadows drifting over the Dorset downs.

HELICOPTER MAIL SERVICES

By OLIVER STEWART*

The Fairey Gyrodyne is the holder of the Three Kilometre International Helicopter speed record. The engine is a 500 horsepower Alvis Leonides.

FIXED-WING aeroplane makers have derided helicopters on the ground that their rotating wings always travel much farther than their bodies. And it is true that helicopters do not fly straight from place to place; they waltz, and waltzing is not a quick or direct way of getting about. That the rotor blades should always have to cover a greater distance than the fuselage is basically uneconomic; but it has its compensation in flexibility. It is because it is flexible that the helicopter should be introduced into the mail delivery machinery of the British Isles. If the Post Office decided to use it on a sufficiently large scale, advances would be made in the country's communications.

Mails move at a speed which diminishes with the size of the packets. The smaller the packets, the slower the speed. In bulk, mails may move at 70 miles an hour in a mail train or at 250 miles an hour in an aeroplane. As they split up into smaller packets so they change into motor-vans moving at 25 miles an hour and to bicycles. In the final distribution they go no faster than a walking pace. The village postman, trudging up a steep path to an isolated house is the most flexible mail carrying agency, while the aeroplane is the least flexible. Between them comes the helicopter. It can be a complement or a competitor to the motor-van and the bicycle.

**Major Oliver Stewart has been Editor of "Aeronautics" since its foundation.*

LAST summer the Post Office started trials to test the value of helicopters. The trials were made on typical "rounds" both by night and by day and were subsequently described by the Postmaster-General as "a success". The Peterborough-Great Yarmouth and the Peterborough-Norwich districts were served and the "rounds" were:

170 miles 9 stops
102 „ 5 „
130 „ 0 „

On the first two "rounds" the aim was to carry 4,000 letters daily except at week-ends. The third, 130 mile, "round" was to be used on Saturdays. Westland Sikorsky helicopters were used, an aircraft manufactured by the British company of Westland under licence and fitted with an Alvis engine.

The mail calls were scheduled to take forty seconds and the time allowed for refuelling was five minutes. The first, 170 mile "round" took two hours, fifty-four minutes and the second, 102 mile, "round" one hour fifty-five minutes. The aircraft, because of their ability to take off and to land without run and to rise and descend vertically were able to use any small field or patch of open ground as a delivery point. The helicopter does not demand the desert-like aerodromes or limitless runways which go with fixed-wing aeroplanes and which are fatal to any kind of practical distribution service. It can usually land next door to the village post office. And it can make deliveries without landing, while hovering close to the ground.

These particular helicopters, working in these conditions, were able to make their "rounds", including all stops, at an average speed of a little more than 50 miles an hour. Their ability to fly slowly allows them to nose their way through fog thick enough to stop ordinary aeroplanes so that their regularity in bad visibility and at night is good. On the basis of this experimental service some rough comparisons are possible.

In parts of the country furnished with good roads and plenty of them, a motor van might be expected to do about 25 miles an hour. The helicopter would enable the final deliveries in a 150 mile "round" to be made three hours earlier. It is established, therefore, that in most circumstances the use of helicopters would enable the delivery of mails to be accelerated. It remains to ask whether that acceleration is worth while. Here a balance must be struck between the desirability of delivering mails to all parts as expeditiously as modern transport technique permits and the desirability of delivering them economically.

IT could be maintained that it is not worth spending more money than at present on mail deliveries in order to advance a few of those deliveries by as little as three hours. But the saving of three hours is calculated on the assumption that all the delivery points are served by good roads and that the motor-van can do the "round" quickly. The British Isles have a great many districts with few and bad roads, and some districts with no roads. In such parts the acceleration made possible by the use of helicopters might lead to a saving of twenty-four hours or more. Where water has to be crossed and there are no bridges or no conveniently placed bridges, the helicopter acquires an overwhelming advantage over other means of transport. It can waltz in where vans and even bicycles cannot go.

Part of the total number of mail deliveries have been and are being made at a loss to the Post Office. It would be impracticable to make different charges for different deliveries at rates proportional to the cost. How much mail delivery is to be done at a loss is, presumably, a matter for the decision of the Postmaster-General of the day. There was a time when good communications between parts of the British Commonwealth, as it was then called, were held to be so important that vast schemes, like the airship experiment* were launched with little regard for their economics in order to bind the countries more tightly together. Helicopter mails, if the Post Office does decide to use them extensively enough—Mr. Wilfred Paling would make no promise when asked about it in the House of Commons in March—would not need to be launched on

* Air Ministry: The Approach towards a System of Imperial Air Communications. (H.M. Stationery Office, 1926).

so gigantic a scale as the airship scheme and are less speculative. The aircraft are proved and something is known of what the cost would be.

AMERICA which now takes action on so many aviation affairs while we are still thinking about them and experimenting with them, has been running helicopter mails for many months and is preparing to run more helicopter services this year. The American results are illuminating.

United Air Lines gave the Civil Aeronautics Board details of its operations last year. Its Sikorsky helicopters serve forty-five suburban communities directly and ninety-three indirectly. Five aircraft were used and the cost was $88.13 an hour flown. Figures given by Los Angeles Airways, which carried 2,574,000 lb. of mail during 1948 (and made a profit) show a rate of $1.25 per helicopter-mile, a rather lower figure than had been achieved by other companies. If these figures are related to the kinds of loads helicopters can carry, they imply that it might cost twopence or threepence to carry one letter 150 or 200 miles. These figures, however, are only approximations referring to small numbers of aircraft and limited use. If the British Post Office were to make a large scale use of helicopters, the first cost of these machines, which is as yet high, would be reduced, with corresponding beneficial effects on the costs of servicing and maintenance.

The results obtained so far suggest that it would be well worth while for the Post Office to take such a plunge. There is nothing to show that helicopters are dangerous or untrustworthy. I know of only one serious accident during mail-carrying in the United States and that was when a machine crashed shortly after taking off from a roof platform. It was subsequently said that it was carrying a load of mails far greater than that permitted by its Certificate of Airworthiness.

An historic aircraft, one of the early Cierva Autogiro machines in which the rotor was a free windmill. Work done on the Autogiro has aided helicopter development.

IN flight helicopters give a pleasant, quiet ride with no more noise or vibration than an ordinary aeroplane. My personal experience is limited to two makes, the Westland Sikorsky and the Fairey Gyrodyne. The Gyrodyne is the faster of the two and holds the international speed record for this kind of aircraft at the time of writing, though there are reports that America is to attempt to take the record away. It will cruise comfortably at about 100 miles an hour and its top speed is 25 to 30 miles an hour higher than this. It has now completed a period of development and whether it goes into production depends upon whether it is ordered in sufficient quantity to warrant tooling and

other preparations. The Gyrodyne is worthy of support for it is not only fast, it is entirely British in design and construction and it is that rare thing a completely new aircraft configuration. The Westland Sikorsky gives the occupants about the same comfort as the Gyrodyne though it cruises more slowly and in a nose-down, rather tilted attitude. It is remarkable for the precision of its controls and it has the greatest amount of flying experience behind it. Other British-built helicopters are the Bristol 171, the Cierva Air Horse and the Cierva Skeeter. All of them have done a good deal of flying and all of them, except the Skeeter which is a very small machine for private transport and training, could be used for carrying mails. The Air Horse, which must be the most hideous aircraft ever built, has three lifting rotors and is the biggest load carrier. Since its first flight towards the end of last year it has been proving that its weight-lifting performance is as good as its looks are bad. All these helicopters are expensive compared with other kinds of transport machines and they must remain expensive unless they are ordered in quantity. Although they can fulfil other specialized duties besides mail-carrying they can be used for crop dusting and for air-sea rescue work for instance — the large orders could only come from the postal authorities.

No survey of the British Isles has yet determined where helicopter mail services might be beneficial. There must be at least fifty such districts and there might be two hundred. At any rate a fleet of two hundred and fifty aircraft could be absorbed immediately in delivery work. If the Post Office, through the British European Airways Corporation which takes charge of the flying side for it, were to order a fleet of this size, a beginning would be made both to helicopter mails and to helicopter production in this country. This is an instance where a bold step would be particularly useful. British rotary wing aircraft, inheriting the striking work done in England by Señor Don Juan de la Cierva on the Autogiro, started well. They now have a chance of finishing well. But it will be only if potential users make up their minds to help. It is because there are many users of helicopters in the United States that these aircraft have made such progress there. The British work on helicopters has been bold and original and deserves to be acknowledged by the placing of orders for production. In the past the reason given for backwardness in using helicopters was that they were too slow. Their advantages at take-off and landing and for flying in low visibility at reduced speed, have always been acknowledged. Now reasonably fast helicopters are available.

A Westland Sikorsky helicopter used by British European Airways in its mail-carrying experiments.

The Cierva Air Horse which is one of the world's largest helicopters. A single Rolls-Royce Merlin engine in an 'engine room' drives the three rotors.

Early decisions and quick action in setting up helicopter mail delivery services would give British helicopter makers the encouragement they need and deserve. They would also testify to the desire of the Post Office to give the public the quickest mail services to all parts that mordern technique permits.

THE suggestion that the Post Office should bring into service a fleet of two hundred and fifty helicopters is made with appreciation of the operating risks and difficulties. Although helicopter accidents have been rare, these machines are subject to a special risk if the engine fails. A helicopter can descend and land safely without using the engine, but it must first alter its condition of flight. The rotor, instead of providing positive life by being driven by the engine, must convert itself into a free-wheeling windmill to produce a parachute effect. With the rotor windmilling in this manner the aircraft can descend slowly under control. But a certain amount of air space is required to enable the rotor to be switched from being a lifting airscrew to being a windmill. If the aircraft is not high enough there may not be time to make the change and the machine must crash. Some helicopters need more height than others in which to make the change, but with all of them there can be this momentary condition of risk unknown to the ordinary fixed-wing aeroplane. For with the ordinary aeroplane, if the engine or engines stop, the machine is instantaneously and automatically converted into a glider, remaining under full control. The only effect of the engine stoppage is that a landing place must be found within a circle whose radius is determined by the height and gliding angle of the aircraft. There is, then, this special risk in helicopter flying. If the engine fails the

aircraft must momentarily pass out of the control of the pilot. It soon comes within his control again and there is no danger except when the machine is too low to allow the change-over to take place before it reaches the ground, yet not low enough for an immediate touch-down.

There is also the operating difficulty of finding skilled helicopter pilots in sufficient numbers. It is the opinion of nearly all pilots who have experience both of fixed-wing machines and of rotating-wing machines, that helicopters are more difficult to fly than aeroplanes. In most helicopters there is one more flying control than in aeroplanes and the co-ordination of the controls demands nice judgment and a good deal of practice. All helicopters are not, however, alike in the difficulty of learning to pilot them. One has a set of controls almost exactly the same as an ordinary aeroplane. There is a stick, a pair of rudder pedals and an engine throttle lever. It must be supposed, therefore, that the piloting of helicopters will become easier as they are developed. But in starting a helicopter mail delivery scheme there might be difficulty at first in obtaining the pilots.

IN order to complete the picture something must be said about the future. Some of the best helicopter designers believe that these aircraft will never attain speeds of much more than 200 miles an hour because the tips of the rotor blades are then in the sonic speed region. The difficulties of making wings work well at and above the speed of sound have been sufficiently emphasized lately. Some helicopter designers reject this limit and say that means will be found to force helicopter speeds up to 300 miles an hour and more. It may be inferred from these views that, whether the limit is 200 or 300, the top speeds of helicopters are not likely to increase rapidly. The United States machines with jet driven rotor blades do not as yet support any other opinion. The consequence is that, where the roads are good, the difference in average speed between the helicopter and the motor vehicle will probably remain about as it is to-day. But where water is to be crossed; where roads are bad or where they are so laid out that they entail large detours in mail delivery "rounds" the helicopter's top speed is already great enough to offer advantages.

While helicopters appear to be restricted for the time being in top speed development, there is no limit in sight to their load-carrying development. The Air Horse has a single Merlin engine, but it has a successor with two engines and both aircraft are designed as weight lifters. Loads of two tons will be within the capacity of helicopters in the near future and, if the demand is there, it should be possible to lift much greater loads.

There is, therefore, no insurmountable obstacle to the setting up of air mail delivery services immediately and perhaps of a small number of collection services. The risk factor which has been mentioned might prevent the introduction of helicopters for regular passenger services, but it is so low that it should be no deterrent to mail services. A choice of well tried, rotary wing aircraft designs exists, some of the most promising being of British origin and development. Approximate figures for punctuality and cost exist. The experimental services have been a success. The Post Office would do well if it were to publish a worked out development scheme and to charge the British European Airways Corporation with setting up the first regular delivery services as soon as the organization can be made ready. A small delivery service would be of little value without the background of a full development scheme, for only if there were such a scheme could orders for a large fleet of helicopters be placed. Playing about with the few existing experimental machines would be damaging rather than helpful to the future of this type of aircraft. Here is a great opportunity for the Post Office, for the British European Airways Corporation and for the makers of British helicopters.

THREE NEWLY DISCOVERED DESIGNS FOR KIMBOLTON CASTLE

Remodelled by

VANBRUGH and HAWKSMOOR, 1707-9

This is the last of the three articles by

LAURENCE WHISTLER

dealing with unpublished Vanbrugh drawings in the Victoria & Albert Museum

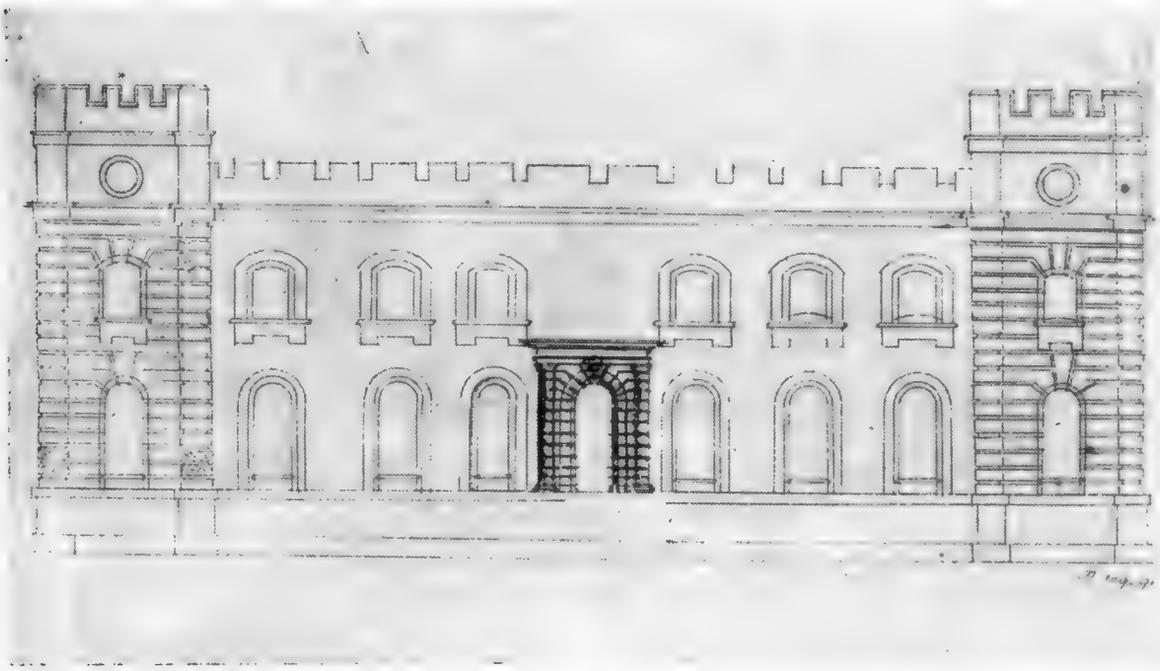


FIG. 1. An early proposal for rebuilding the South front, stressing the necessity of a central doorway.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE in Huntingdonshire, built in the form of a hollow rectangle, belonged to Vanbrugh's friend, Lord Manchester. At some date before the dramatist had begun his architectural career, Manchester employed a minor architect, probably Coleman, to reshape the interior courtyard; but the late medieval exterior survived, until the entire south front towards the garden collapsed in the summer of 1707. Manchester was Ambassador in Venice at the time, and Lady Manchester called in Vanbrugh, who, after inspecting the damage, sent out a report to his friend. "I got Mr. Hawksmoor downe with me," he wrote, "where, having consider'd every thing, we all Agreed Upon the enclosed Design." The two Royal architects saw at once that Coleman's provisional design for the rebuilding would never do; for "He had not brought the Door of the House into the Middle of the Front". His difficulty lay in this, that the drawing-room was in the south-east corner, and custom demanded that one should "go immediately out of the Drawing Room into the Bedchamber", occupying here the centre of the range. Custom, then, must be overruled for once. Vanbrugh interposed "a large Noble Room of Parade" between drawing-room

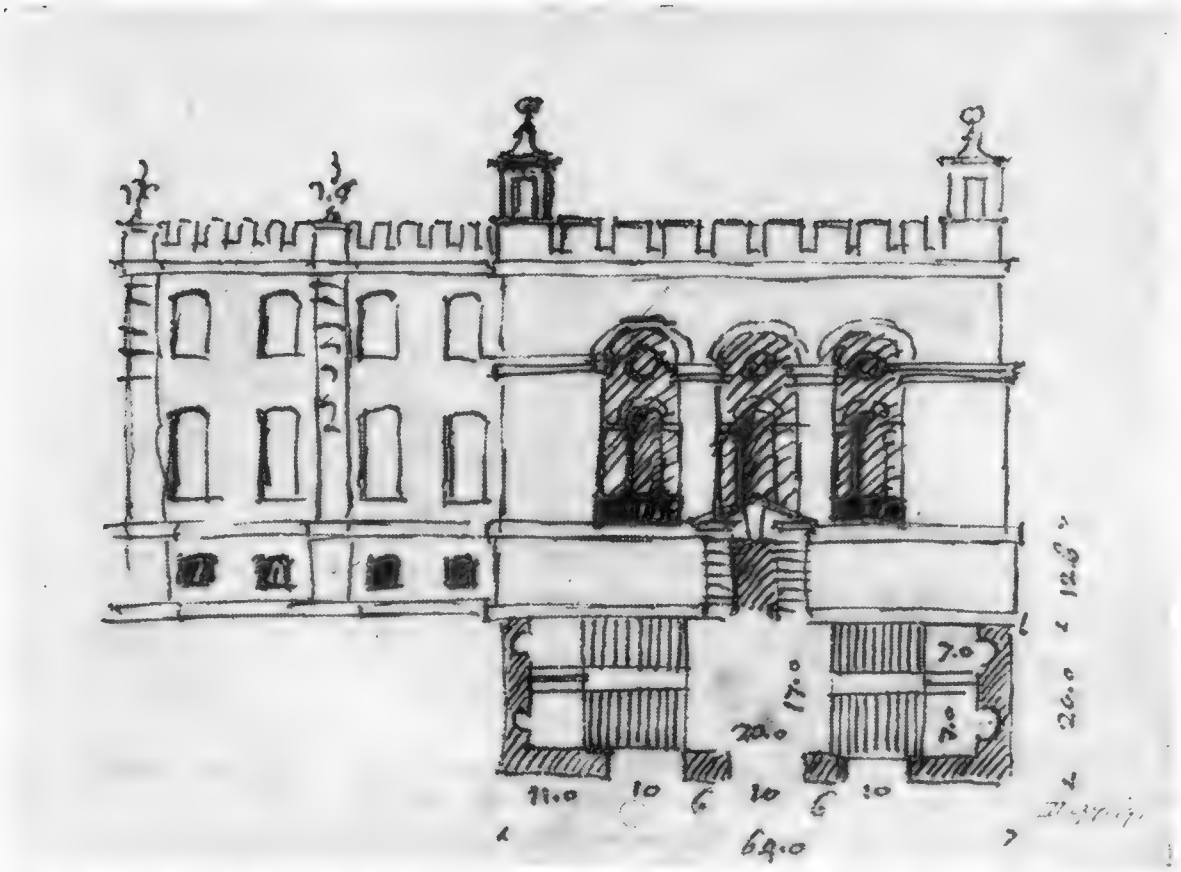


FIG. 2. A sketch, probably by Hawksmoor, of an abandoned proposal for the great East portico.

and bedroom, and this of course permitted, and indeed invited, a central doorway in line with the canal.

That may serve as an introduction to the three new drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum which can be identified as concerning Kimbolton. In the first (D. 109-91: Fig. 1) we see, I believe, an early proposal for rebuilding the fallen front. The identification seems doubtful when we perceive that this elevation falls short of the final one (Eng. Homes, Fig. 156) by as much as twenty-four feet in length; but the supporting argument is strong. First, there is the evidence of style, recalling Kimbolton as we know it. Then, the height of the façade between the towers is thirty-seven feet, and that is also the height between the towers in a drawing (D. 112-91: Fig. 3) which is unquestionably a design for the *west* front, adjoining this front at right angles. Finally, the central doorway is virtually that which was built (after Vanbrugh had won his point), except that here it is shown heavily rusticated. As for the want of symmetry in the fenestration, left and right of the door, that may indicate that a choice had still to be made between alternative arrangements of the windows—or it may indicate nothing at all; since the drawing, though the work of a trained draughtsman, has been quickly and carelessly made, as a glance at the battlements, or indeed at any part of it, is enough to reveal.

VANBRUGH'S letter, from which I have quoted, was written in London after his return from Kimbolton, and is clearly his first to Lord Manchester on the subject. With it he sent out the design "we all Agreed upon". In the same letter he says that his central "Room of Parade" will be "eighteen foot high, which is no contemptible thing, tho' not what in Strictness One wou'd wish". Now eighteen feet from the floor, in this drawing, would bring the ceiling half way across the upper windows: therefore, it was not a copy of *this* design which

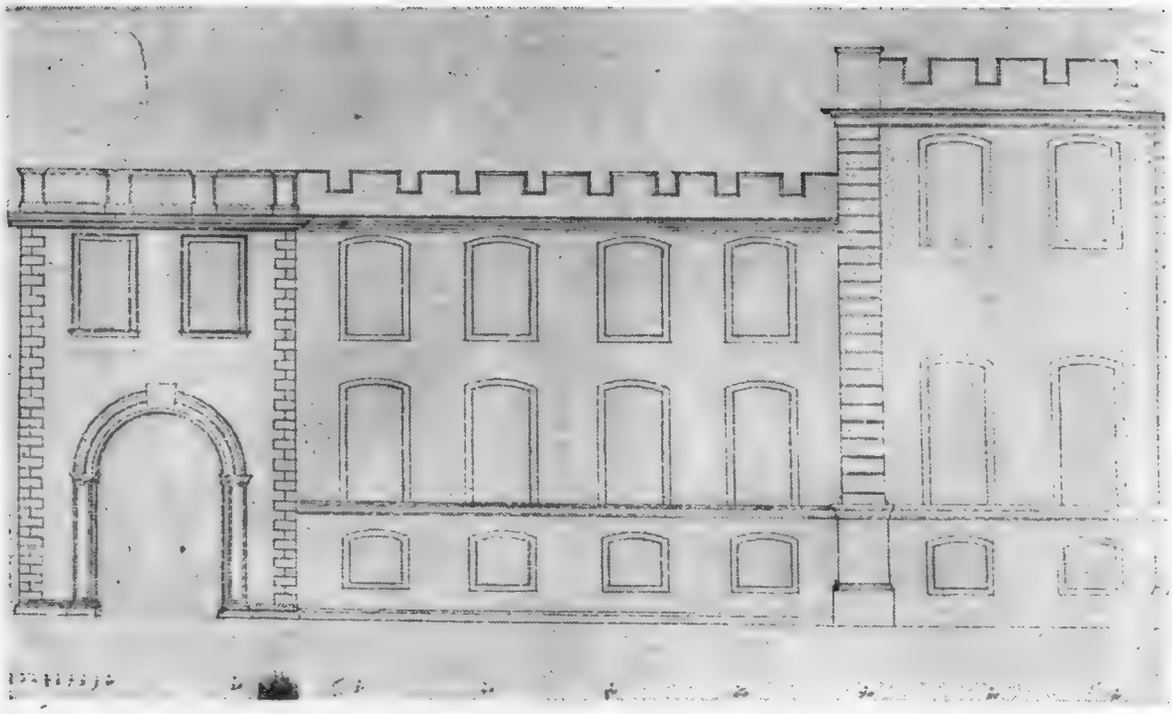


FIG. 3. Part elevation, showing the method of re-shaping the West front, on each side of the existing central feature (*compare with Fig.* 4).

accompanied the letter to Venice. However, in that letter he also expresses a wish.—"I wish it cou'd have been made a real Salon, by carrying it up into the Next story, but that wou'd have destroy'd one of the three Bedchambers Above, which My Lady thinks cannot be spar'd."

This, then, may be the right solution of the problem posed by the drawing. It is a sketched elevation and a very early one, perhaps the earliest of all, made, possibly, by Hawksmoor, while the two architects were down at Kimbolton, and made swiftly without great regard for accuracy; to the scale of ten feet to one inch. It indicates the original height of the castle, and this is still the height of the west front which Vanbrugh never rebuilt, but merely refaced. It seems to indicate that the south front was originally narrower by about twenty-four feet, and that some of the additional width has been gained by the corner projection on the west front. (See the existing plan, Eng. Homes, Fig. 155.) It was drawn to impress on Lady Manchester the necessity of a central door—here treated with special emphasis and tinted with a brush—and therefore of a central saloon; and it expresses Vanbrugh's original wish that the saloon should be carried up through the story above.

WHEN Lady Manchester (to continue with this conjecture) decided that the bedroom above the saloon could not be spared, this design had perforce to be modified. The obvious course, then, was to give the saloon some measure of nobility—a height of eighteen feet in effect—by lifting the floor of the bedroom over it; and that inevitably meant an increase in height of the whole façade. This in turn meant that the corner towers would lose their upward projection, and being anyway somewhat weak they were done away with. Monotony was avoided by the bringing forward, instead, of a *central* feature, and this had the great advantage of giving the saloon additional depth. These changes being adopted and by "all Agreed Upon", a design was sent out to Lord Manchester offering him the garden front as we know it, a front at once stronger and duller than the one revealed to us in this drawing.

Manchester had only recently remodelled his entrance hall on the east front, and we know that he was uneasy about the introduction of a second big "room of parade", which no doubt seemed to him unnecessary. But Vanbrugh convinced him, explaining in his next letter, "It so fell Out there was no way of Avoiding it, without (in my judgment) utterly Spoiling the Appartment within or the Front without." The architects had their way, and the rebuilding began. Writing again in March, 1707-8, Vanbrugh describes the progress made and continues—

> I Apprehend but One thing. . . . That your Ldship will two or three years hence find your self under a violent Temptation to take downe and rebuild (suitable to the New front) all the Outside Walls round the Castle. But I'll say no more of that, 'till I see you at home and Secretary of State again.

THIS prophecy was fulfilled, we do not know how soon; but Manchester, now a Duke, was back in England by the following Autumn. It seems that a corner of the east front was involved in the general collapse on the south, since Vanbrugh was concerned with it from the beginning. "We have Adjusted every thing to be done this Summer", he writes in the same letter, "except the Bow Window; wch is a Nice point, that will require a good deal of Consideration, with regard to the Outside of the House as well as the inside." He was already trying to see how he would reshape the east front if Manchester should one day allow him to. In the event, the bow window vanished from that front, now chiefly remarkable for its enormous portico. (Eng. Homes, Fig. 157.)

The next drawing (D. 97-91: Fig. 2) is the most interesting of the three newly discovered. It is an early proposal for that portico, with one half of the façade sketched in beside it. The width is that of the existing portico, sixty-four feet, but the projection is even greater, twenty feet instead of fifteen feet. In place of a Doric order we are given a high arcaded screen, enclosing a double stairway approached through a rusticated door in the basement. The free-hand sketch is in ink over pencil not entirely rubbed out, so that we can see how the pattern of the basement windows each side would have been continued under the portico in panels (not visible in the reproduction); but on second thoughts these were omitted because they bore no relation to the arcade above.

THIS sketch can only be by Vanbrugh or Hawksmoor. There is no evidence that Hawksmoor had any concern with Kimbolton after that visit when the shape of the garden front was determined, but he may have had. Or again, the sketch may have been made during that visit; for we can well imagine the two architects exceeding their immediate duty and privately discussing a design for the east front as well; though Vanbrugh would be too tactful, at this early stage, to send one out to his client. In both design and draughtsmanship the proposal points to Hawksmoor rather than to Vanbrugh. Observe the swift hatching in of the shadows: a device not used in any drawings which are likely to be Vanbrugh's own, but exceedingly common in Hawksmoor's authenticated work, as in the British Museum (King's Library), at Blenheim, and in the Bodleian—where, in particular, his free-hand sketch for steps below the west front of Blenheim should be compared with this drawing (Bod. Mss. Top. Oxon, a 37, 131). The arcade is too simple a figure to write so big; and though impressive in plan the proposal was wisely rejected in favour of the existing portico, that tremendous addition to the east front, almost insolently indifferent to the cornice and skyline of the building behind it, but not without grandeur in itself.

The third drawing (D. 112-91: Fig. 3) is a part-elevation, very nearly as carried out, of the west front, giving access to the court-yard. The irregular, concave plan of this front, as it exists to-day (Fig. 4) evidently cannot have been *willed* by Vanbrugh, and indicates that he followed the line of the previous building, except in the corner towers, for which new foundations will have been prepared. Moreover, it is obvious that Vanbrugh did not design the central feature, containing the archway, at

all. The rustication is of a kind he never used,* the pilasters of the arch are untypical, and the placing of *two* windows over the arch, the "unresolved duality" there, is amateurish. Furthermore, in this drawing those windows are seen to be rectangular, and in that respect unlike any other that Vanbrugh introduced on any front. Why should the master of climaxes *invent* a central feature so different from the rest, and so debilitated? Clearly it was already in existence, probably designed by Coleman when he was reshaping the interior courtyard to which it gives entry, and the Duke was not prepared to rebuild it: he wanted this relatively unimportant front to be brought into harmony with the rest as cheaply as possible.

VANBRUGH'S work on that front amounted only to this: he reshaped, in the plainest manner, the old in-slanted walls: he introduced segmental-headed windows, regularly spaced, and he altered those two rectangular windows over the arch.—For in the gateway, as it now exists, they too are segmental-headed. Presumably he must also be accused of adding battlements to the gateway parapets, in a lame attempt to create emphasis where none was truly to be had. This gateway seems to have determined the height of the façade on either side. And that, too, was the height, as we have seen (Fig. 1), to which Vanbrugh at first intended to rebuild the garden front, after the collapse. On the back of this drawing is a pencil sketch that may represent another attempt to solve the problem of the gateway skyline.

Though not devoid of what Vanbrugh described as "Manly Beauty", Kimbolton's exterior is not very successful. But in judging what an architect has done, we must bear in mind what he set out to do:

> I thought 'twas absolutely best to give it something of the Castle Air, tho' at the same time to make it regular. . . . I'm sure this will make a very Noble and Masculine Shew.

* Hawksmoor's rustication on the unbuilt wings of Easton Neston was on a larger and more characteristic scale. (*Vit. Brit.*, C. Campbell.)

FIG. 4. The West front to-day. Note the alterations to the central feature. (*Copyright Country Life.*)

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH

IF an epitaph were required for this sad and terrible time, it might well be found in "The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth". That is what has been assiduously sought; and because it is a vain pursuit, it has produced its exact opposite—the most civilized portions of the world largely reduced to rubble, and a prevailing moral and material confusion and despair which has rarely, if ever, before been equalled. It would be a fascinating, though sombre, pursuit to trace this idea from its origins, and through all its manifold phases—whether in terms of scientific marvels like those H. G. Wells so successfully envisaged, or of social felicity such as the Fabians and Marxists and all their many affiliates have long proclaimed, or of mere asinine sensual well-being such as Walt Whitman, D. H. Lawrence and others pointed to as the fulfilment of human life. Account would have to be taken, too, of the Kingdom of Hell on Earth (actually, of course, the same thing as the other), in which Mr. Aldous Huxley has notably specialized, as well as of a whole lot of Yogis and miscellaneous breast-beaters thrown in for good measure.

America has produced its version of The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth in terms of washing machines, refrigerators and juke boxes. In this country our own Beveridge-style version in terms of social security is even now in process of being instituted; and behind the Iron Curtain yet another Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, more lurid and violent, is under construction. What is in common to all three is an insistence that never before in human history has mankind faced a more promising future. Poverty, disease, all the ills that flesh is heir to, are going to be abolished; and though men may still have to die, the incidence of this intractable social problem will be reduced until it reaches negligible proportions. What is also in common to all three is a great deal of present misery, and an all-prevading fear, and atomic plants upon which work is frenziedly proceeding.

Of all the prophets of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth none, perhaps, is more characteristic, certainly none more remarkable, than Tolstoy. His influence has been enormous, not only directly, as with figures like Gandhi who have avowed him to be their master, but indirectly, in the sense that the conviction has seeped right down into the unconscious mind of mankind that perfection, both in individual conduct and in social relations, is attainable in terms of mortality. Tolstoy's life and thought, therefore, repay careful study; and two books—one a new biography by Professor Ernest Simmons,* and the other, a republication of Gorky's fascinating reminiscences of Tolstoy†—which have lately been made available, provide excellent material for the purpose.

Professor Simmons has gone through all the voluminous sources, some of them in Russian and not yet translated. He has produced an admirable and comprehensive narrative. Gorky's reminiscence, first published in this country in 1920, are of

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* *Leo Tolstoy*. By Ernest J. Simmons. *John Lehmann*. 25*s*.

† *Reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov & Andreev*. By Maxim Gorky. *Hogarth Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Tolstoy at the end of his life. They are so vivid and penetrating that they convey a magnificent picture of their subject, for whom Gorky had a deep respect, and even affection, but not an unequalified admiration. Thus, for instance, he remarks of an entry in Tolstoy's Diary—"God is my desire"—that he asked Tolstoy what it meant.

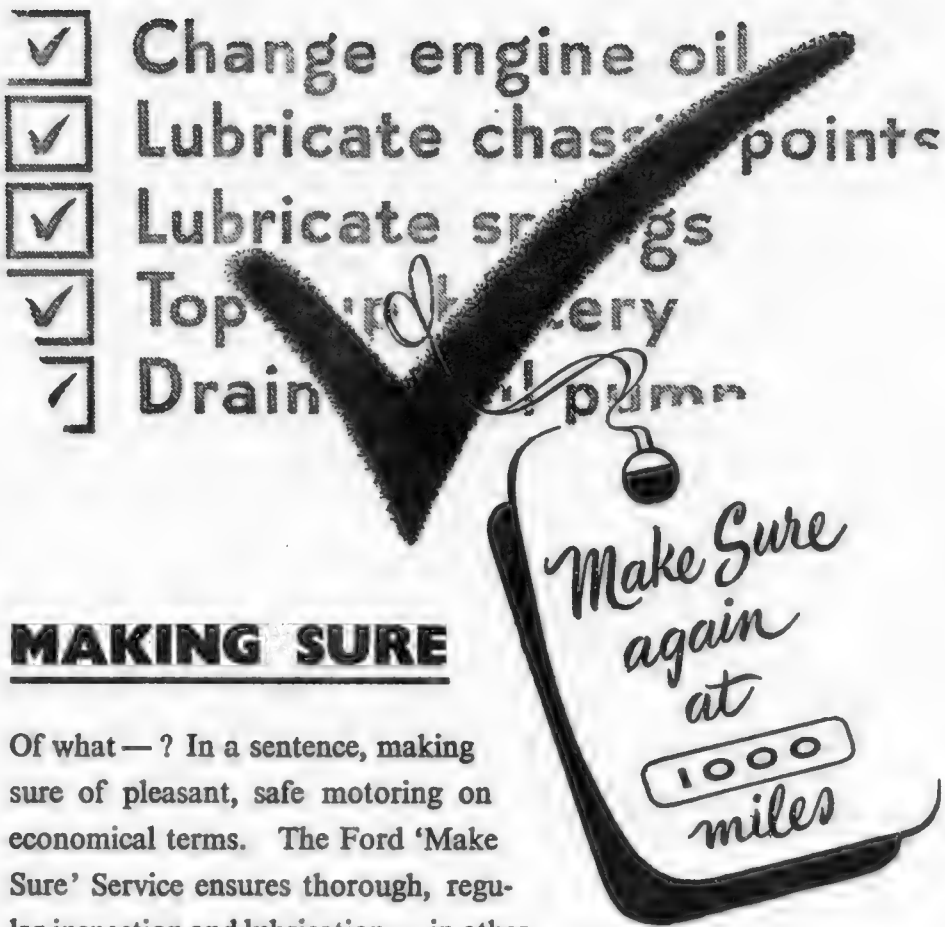
> " 'An unfinished thought,' he said glancing at the page and screwing up his eyes. 'I must have wanted to say: "God is my desire to know Him" . . . No, not that . . .' He began to laugh, and rolling up the book into a tube, he put it into the big pocket of his blouse. With God he has very suspicious relations; they sometimes remind me of the relation of 'two bears in one den'."

This takes one to the very heart of the contradiction in Tolstoy. His relations with God were suspicious in exactly the same way that his relations with his wife, Sonya, and with the peasants on his estate whom he affected so to admire, were suspicious. He wanted to love God and to enjoy God's love, just as he wanted to love Sonya and enjoy her love, and love his peasants and enjoy their affection, on terms which were inapplicable. Though he was always preaching it, he never understood that harmony with a fellow human being or with God is attainable only through forgetfulness of self; "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you" was one of his favourite sayings, but he never understood what it really meant. His ego demanded virtue as his body demanded nourishment, and he sought to put virtue into his soul as he put food in his mouth. He tried to achieve righteousness through the will—an impossible operation.

Exactly the same thing is true of the social consequences of his teaching. Men were to be pacific by resolving to eschew violence; men were to be loving one with another by resolving to abjure hate. In fact, this process can only lead them to be more violent, and to hate the more. Thus, Tolstoy, who preached domestic harmony, created a household utterly, tragically, unharmonious; Tolstoy, who preached social harmony, was instrumental in fomenting a revolution based on the inevitability of conflict and hatred as the great dynamic of human life.

He was a sensualist, a materialist, a great artist, whose superb novels were born of his passionate relationship with the earth and with his fellows. As Gorky saw clearly, he had more of the Caliban in him than the saint, and St. Caliban is impossible. That was the tragedy of his life, ending as it did in a forlorn escape when he was eighty, and a death on a small railway station with the Press of the world gathered round. It is also the tragedy of the age he ushered in—an age in which abjurations of war have been frequent, and in which war has reached a level of destructiveness unimaginable before; an age in which progress has been constantly preached and which has regressed to the Dark Ages, and beyond; an age whose ostensible pursuit has been the happiness of the many, and which has filled the world with terrified, despairing, lost human beings. God is not mocked. Like the Tower of Babel, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth is productive only of confusion and strife and disaster. The Kingdom of Heaven remains obstinately in Heaven, and those who would find it must aspire Heavenwards, like a steeple, instead of arrogantly seeking to mount by piling brick on brick.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.



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Short Notices

HISTORY IN PERSPECTIVE

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1204. By Douglas Jerrold. *Collins.* 21*s. net.*

"THROUGHOUT the half-million years traversed in this volume", writes Mr. Jerrold, "what is most significant is always something that has happened outside England." It is perhaps a little hard on the Windmill Man, for whom I have, I confess, an affectionate, if not a disinterested, feeling, since, being an inhabitant of Avebury, he was a constituent of mine. Yet it is even more hard perhaps on the reviewer who in seven hundred words has to summarize and criticize a thesis, which, as the Appendices show, carries us from the Cainozoic Era through the Prehistoric Cultures to the genealogical tables, first, of the Julian-Claudian Emperors and then of the English Kings, pre-Norman, post-Norman and Plantaganet.

It might perhaps be argued that the prehistoric story and the strictly English story should have found their homes in separate volumes. Yet Mr. Jerrold is certainly amply justified both in his claim that both stories should be told at least in the same series and that the combination of them is an originality. Tracing back our story to its remotest origins, Mr. Jerrold is not for a moment bemused by noughts into thinking that the origins of the Christian religion, because they are comparatively more recent than our ancestors imagined, are therefore false and insignificant. It is the sovereign merit of his book that he states without qualification the Christian claim as an historical claim.

This volume takes us down to the final loss of Normandy by the English monarchy in 1204. There is not space even to attempt a summary of the many theses which Mr. Jerrold develops in his six hundred pages. The supreme originality of Christian society was that, in opposition alike to pre-Christian

societies and to the post-Christian societies of our own day, it insisted that man had a double obligation—an obligation both to State and to Church. Through insistence on that double obligation liberty has been preserved in Western Europe—and in Western Europe alone—and the whole drama of the European story has arisen out of the attempt to strike the difficult balance between the rights of the State and the rights of the Church. But we could find this battle of the balance in the story of any of the European countries. The peculiar interest of the English story is that England, for obvious geographical reasons, was more clearly set apart than any of the other provinces of Christendom. Mr. Jerrold rightly rejects the facile and foolish epigram—was it Voltaire's or Lord Bryce's?—that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire. But at least its writ did not run in England, and, when we speak of medieval theories of the relations between Church and State, we must always ask, "Which State?" It is a curiosity that of the two greatest medieval thinkers, the one, Dante, always discusses this problem as one of the relationship between the Pope and the Emperor, and the other, St. Thomas, as one of the relationship between Pope and "princes". In England we have the ideal example of a Thomist princeps in the story of the making of England by the great Norman monarchy.

As Mr. Jerrold tells us in more than one place, modern developments have in many ways made intelligible and real problems of the Norman Kings, which, as short a time ago as our schooldays, would have seemed merely academic and antiquarian. Our fathers flattered themselves that the problems of liberty and freedom of opinion had been solved once for all. To-day we have moved back into a world whose problems are much more similar to those of William I and where the survival of civilized living must be fought for at least as desperately as in his day. Our advantage over him is not in the least that we can take security for granted, but only that we can obtain a much more accurate picture than he could of our origins. It is by his achievement in putting this picture before the general reader that Mr. Jerrold has earned our gratitude.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

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JOHN MURRAY

ALBERT THE GOOD

THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Roger Fulford. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

IN this new biography, Roger Fulford has not many surprises to offer to students of the Prince Consort's character, rather does he prove by careful research that the guesses have been correct in the main. The story is simple: a noble-minded German Prince, wholly aware of the dangers threatening monarchy in the nineteenth century, reformed the British throne from a disadvantageous starting point, as the Queen's husband was denied all political power. He succeeded because he was as intelligent as any of his numerous enemies. By extraordinary manœuvres, not closely paralleled in history, so far as I know, he built up a large personal power which he was careful never to exert in a way likely to offend seriously against Parliamentary traditions. He made himself indispensable. By an apalling mischance (not, as Lytton Strachey suggested, because he gave way to despair), he died in early middle age. But his work was durable so that this calamity did not, in the long run, adversely affect the throne. That is the story as usually understood, and Mr. Fulford, having been allowed free access to the royal archives, gives it fuller substance than it has enjoyed hitherto, and he makes some modifications. We discover, for instance, that for all his German stiffness the Prince had a pleasingly informal side, and a true and deep understanding of art.

Mr. Fulford rightly opens his study by surveying the position of royalty in Europe after Napoleon: a shocking picture of decadance on which, in our country, George IV and William IV showed very little improvement. I think Mr. Fulford rates Alexander I a little too high at this point, for that Emperor had odious failings, and I am sure that he ought to have taken his main argument further. The Queen and the Prince were by no means alone in their great work of renewal. A strange historical fact, unnoticed by Mr. Fulford, is that the Prince's career most closely resembled that of Louis-Phillipe which began under brighter auspices. The King of the French was the Prince's equal in intelligence, and very much his superior in wit. He had the advantages, denied to the Prince, of military glory

(from Valmy) and immense popularity (not as King but as Duke of Orleans). He had far wider experience. He reformed the French throne in conformity with the most respected political thought of his time, and surrounded himself with the finest brains of his country. The similarity of aim and method is striking. Why were the results of their work so utterly different? Because Louis-Philippe was a crook and the French knew it. He crowned himself by betraying the trust of a foolish old man and a helpless child. His subjects, royalist, Orleanist, republican or Imperialist, openly or secretly despised him. By contrast Prince Albert, lacking the charms of the *roi-citoyen* and never popular, was always respected. He is the classic example in modern times of virtue rewarded, in fact so classical that we occasionally smile at the unlikelihood of what happened. His goodness is one of the most impressive facts of modern history. In dealing with the Prince's virtuous character Mr. Fulford is needlessly anxious to make it completely blameless. Of course there were blemishes. To despise one's fellow beings is a defect, and Prince Albert did despise us English. He had the limitations of the incurable prig. Since this cannot be denied, it is better not defended.

The most interesting revelation in the book is the great degree of political power enjoyed then by the Sovereign in her own right. In commenting on this Mr. Fulford seems to me altogether too tame. He follows modern political propaganda without questioning it, and assumes that to deprive the Crown of all political power is likely to improve it vastly. History suggests other possibilities, in fact it is difficult to see how royalty could long survive in the state of political impotence which modern politicians advocate. Without a throne, and our statesmen may easily blunder into destroying that wonderful institution, we would be at the mercy of unrestrained party passions. Politicians are not usually alarmed by that prospect because years of self-praise deaden all power of self-examination. They often say that violent party warfare is a sign of robust political health, and the example of France makes no impression on them at all. It is a pity that in this study of royalty Mr. Fulford should follow them so uncritically. It prevents his excellent book being of the first class.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

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THE INMOST HEART. E. M. Almedingen. *Bodley Head*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

MLLE SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR is the leading feminine exponent of Existentialism. The theme of her new novel is very feminine indeed, it is recurrent among the problems of the young women who write for guidance to the Sibyls of the popular press. It is the story of a nice woman who very nearly loses her lover to an unscrupulous little wretch. Françoise Miquel has been for ten years the collaborator and mistress of Pierre Labrousse, a celebrated actor producer in the Paris of the 'thirties. Into their lives comes a savage, sulky egocentric named Xavière Pagès whom Françoise, with the stupidity of a really nice woman, takes up with enthusiasm. In these advanced circles nobody worries about sexual infidelity but Françoise finds out that it is not a question of "sharing" Pierre. Xavière demands everything. It is here that the writter's philosophic slant becomes apparent. Xavière is odious, but she has integrity. The force of her will has never been undermined by any code of manners or morals. By the side of this elementary force, Françoise feels herself synthetic, as indeed she is. Worse still, she feels herself being transformed into a kind of woman she despises, jealous, vindictive and emotional. She must act, to "regain the initiative" as the strategists would say. So she liquidates Xavière.

We are left in doubt whether the writer applauds or condemns this action, in no essential different from that of any factory girl who throws vitriol over her rival. The doubt plunges the novel into moral chaos. Yet it has remarkable merits. The environment is rendered with solidity and conviction, the two women, Françoise and Xavière, are endowed with life. Particularly Xavière, the girl infuriates yet compels a certain reluctant admiration, the admiration we grudgingly give to those who stake all and are indifferent to the niceties of the world. But the force with which the characters are depicted does not compensate for its pretentiousness of the book nor for its total absence of humour. It is ridiculous to reproach Mlle de Beauvoir for not being Madame Colette but how often did I recall the grace, the wit and the pathos with which the *doyenne* of French novelists treated a similar theme in *La Seconde*.

MLLE DOUSSIA ERGAZ, fortunately, has no theories to exemplify. She is a natural storyteller and *The Favours of Heaven* is an enchanting story, able to touch on grave matters lightly and to make its points without underlining. I found it curiously

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reminiscent of Eudona Welby's *Delta Wedding*, for all the divergence of scene. For here is the same sense of the family as an organic whole, the same skill in composing a picture by weaving a varied background into a narrative occupying only a brief space of time. In each case the picture is seen with the eyes of youth. *The Favours of Heaven* concerns the Androussov family, members of the wealthy Russian colony in Pera in the early years of the century. Else Androussov is looking forward ecstatically to her first dance. Her father, the handsome, wealthy Michael Androussov, son of an officer of the Imperial Guard, married to a lovely pious wife of distinguished family and father of three delightful children, has a dark secret and he suspects that on this night of all nights, so ardently awaited by his beloved daughter, that secret is going to be revealed. Michael's mother was a Jewess, the disgrace ruined his father and overshadowed his own early life, and chance has now betrayed the fact so long concealed to a malicious neighbour. The tension is admirably manipulated but what delights so much in this book is the picture of a vanished way of living as unfamiliar in externals as any fairy tale, but universal in its lyrical recapture of the ardours and apprehensions of youth.

Both these books are beautifully translated from the French, *She Came to Stay* by Yvonne Moyse and Roger Seahouse; *The Favours of Heaven* by Jocelyn Godefroi.

THE BURNISHED BLADE is another historical novel by a new American writer which seems certain of success. It follows the formula, it is based on a lot of research into the period and it retells one of the classic adventure stories, that of the poor young man who sets out to find fame and fortune. This time he is Pierre, an orphan adopted by an Italian armourer living in Rouen towards the end of the Hundred Years War. Various historical personages, Jeanne d'Arc, Gilles de Retz, Jacques Cœur and the Byzantine emperor John Comnenus, flit through the pages, the action progresses from France to Trebizond and it is varied, violent and colourful. The book obtained a Literary Guild Prize in America. I could find no trace of literary distinction but the writer undoubtedly has the ability to make you read on. A certain insistence on horrid

"History is the record not of what has happened but of what has mattered . . . It is not the facts we seek but their meaning for ourselves."

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details of physical torture is distasteful, otherwise the book is a rattling good old-fashioned romance.

TWO thrillers, very different in kind, but both to be commended are *Death of Jezel* and *Snare for Witches*. Jezebel's death is gory, but well merited, the method by which it is contrived is extremely ingenious and the working out is exciting and springs more than one surprise. Miss Brand's very pleasant Kentish inspector Cockrill is the sleuth, the suspects run very well and the damsel in distress is something more than a necessary piece of the puzzle.

The plot of *Snare for Witches* is not nearly so well knit and the working out is only moderately convincing. It is the unusual setting, Cotton Mather's New England, and the force with which the picture of a small community paralysed by superstition is drawn, which puts this thriller into the alpha class. The first part of the book is absorbing, it has true artistic tension, the latter part peters out, but it is so rare that any thriller is aimed at anything beyond the more trivial reaches of the reader's imagination that I should like especially to commend this book.

E. M. ALMEDINGEN whose autobiography and novels about life in Russia have brought her well-merited success, essays a very difficult task in *The Inmost Heart*. This is an attempt to recapture the spiritual quality of the medieval mind and in particular the experience of the unknown author of the magnificent Latin hymn, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which is the sequence of the Mass of Pentecost. She chooses for her protagonist Walafrid, a humble youth whose chequered life, including a marriage to a pagan girl, brings him to the cloister at last and to the composition of the great hymn. Conception and writing are both on a high level but that dramatic fusion which made *Peter Abelard* so memorable is lacking. But then Miss Waddell had the advantage of one of the best documented love stories in history.

RUBY MILLAR.

KNOWING AND UNDERSTANDING

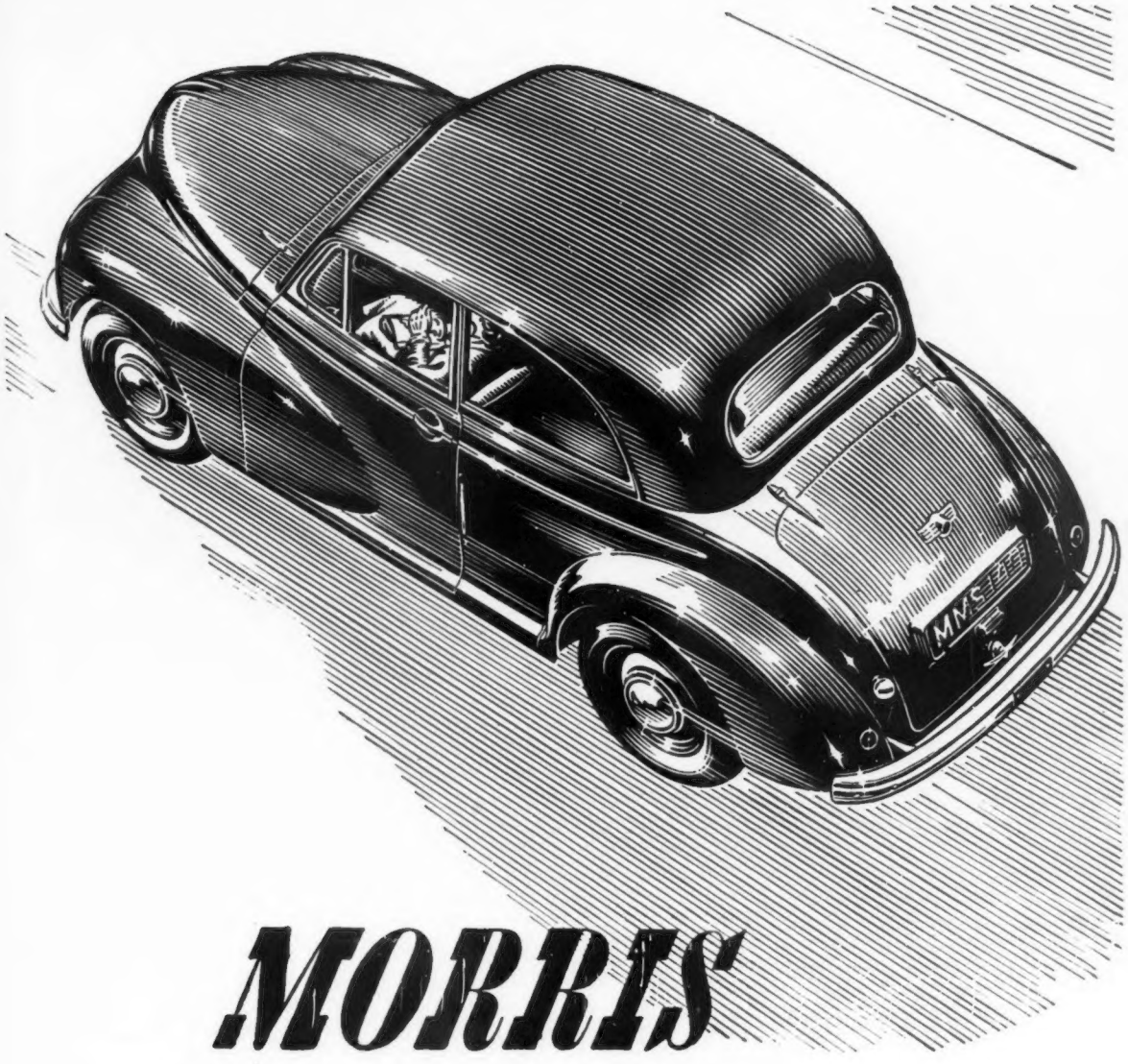
THE MEANING OF EXISTENCE. By Leslie Paul. *Faber and Faber*. 16*s*.

ALTHOUGH every schoolboy now knows that matter as the basis of nineteenth century materialism no longer exists, the discoveries and surmises of contemporary physics are far from exhausted as subject for philosophical speculation, and Mr. Paul's earlier chapters apply them in a new way to his religious ideas, more especially when he concludes from the prevailing view of a universe finite as to space that time must be finite too, the mathematical conception of a space-time continuum interlocking with what our senses call matter, while "matter" is but the expression of space-time. Having deduced that, being finite, time is creative, he passes to the nature of God—"Consider the metaphysical order we arrive at in an objective sense—matter basically inexplicable, space finite and time creative, and the defiance of the cosmos by living organisms (organic life seems to run counter to entropy, and cannot be reconciled with actuarial physical theory). It is an order which vividly suggests a creative act or a series of creative acts. A universe moving through its own time to its own end is a created universe. The unifying principle this demands is God. Not simply the . . . Creative Process of Bergson . . ., the Life Force of G. B. Shaw, or the Great Being which for the J. B. S. Haldane of the *Inequality of Man* 'may be a fact as real as human conscousness' — but God in a transcendent sense."

His chapter "Knowing and Understanding" would be valuable if only as an introduction to the works of Buber and Dilthey. Perhaps Berdyaev, especially as a Christian existentialist, pervades the second half of the book more than any other recent religious thinker.

Of concentrated thought, this book opens up many avenues for further reading. It culminates in "The Passion", his chapter on the Incarnation.

BRIAN LUNN.



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PARENTS AND CHILDREN

THE CHILD: AN ADULT'S PROBLEM. By Anthony M. Ludovici. *Carroll and Nicholson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

SENSIBLY, readably, truculently, crankily Mr. Ludovici attacks many weaknesses in the modern upbringing of children. Parents who self-indulgently spoil their children often claim that they are really applying the discoveries of modern psychology. Mr. Ludovici piles up quotations from reputable psychologists to show this is untrue. Traditional wisdom and contemporary science agree that the Pleasure Principle of childhood must be opposed by the Reality Principle of the adult world. The child's ignorance must be alleviated by education, its bodily weakness by hygiene and exercise, its lack of morals by firm and unemotional discipline. Children need discipline and appreciate it if they are shown its purpose.

The Rousseau-Wordsworth view of childhood as a period of innocence, a Golden Age from which the rest of life is a decline, has no basis in fact. Infancy is just the absence of maturity, as savagery is the absence of civilization. Anybody who really loves a child will want it to grow up, unless they are using it merely to gratify their own love of power or to extract sentimental pleasures from slobbering over it. Mr. Ludovici believes that by using the natural love of parent and child, by harnessing the child's powers of imitation and its ambition to master its environment and by systematically training it as one trains a puppy, it is possible to bring up a child successfully without ruining it by indulgence or repression. This infuriating interesting and entertaining book is worth reading. It has character and drive.

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THE ROYAL SOCIETY

SCIENTISTS AND AMATEURS. By Dorothy Stimson. *Sigma Books.* 15*s.*

THIS is a straightforward history, by an American, of the Royal Society: the first authoritative account (the publishers claim) to give the general reader "the absorbing story of the world's oldest scientific body in continuous existence".

For the general reader, "absorbing" is perhaps the wrong word; passionate interest scientific matters is not really general, and the sometimes naïvely didactic literary style of this book is not calculated to enthral anyone who has no particular curiosity about its subject. It will probably appeal most strongly to just the sort of inquisitive "amateur" or "virtuoso" who typified the ordinary member of the Royal Society at its foundation nearly three hundred years ago.

Those were the days when many of the members were, or became bishops, and the aim of the Society—however impressively it may have been stated—was in essence little more than entertainment (the amusing experiments arranged for important visitors, the collection and display of curiosities such as "the great silver box that Nero kept his

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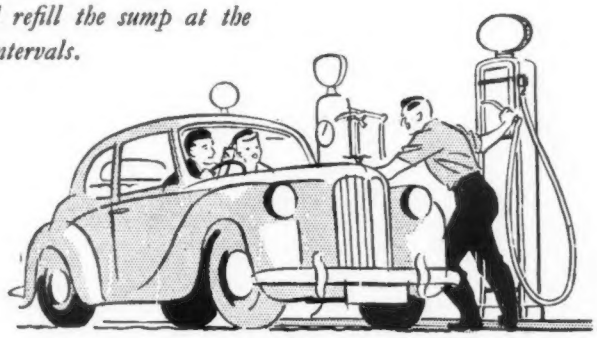

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beard in"). Then, and later, it was in fact a club, with a club's subscription troubles, a club's internal feuds over election. It is interesting even if not "absorbing" to consider the Society's development through ridicule and opposition, to notice the famous names among its members, to recognize the always widening influence of their researches; to trace the process by which it came to its present universally respected position, when the letters F.R.S. signify genuine eminence and "the amateurs of the early days have become the leading scientists of to-day".

RICHARD MALLETT.

ESSAYS OF AN EDITOR

THE PROGRESS OF A BIOGRAPHER. By Hugh Kingsmill. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

"THE public is apt to consider praise of a friend's book rather as a tax on friendship than as a spontaneous tribute", writes Hugh Kingsmill in the work under review. That being so, what follows may be considered a supertax on friendship; and if the reader refuses to accept my assurance that it is spontaneous, I can be of no service to him.

Except for half a dozen rather longer pieces, including assessments of Rudyard Kipling and James Barrie, all the essays here collected first appeared in the *New English Review*, and those readers who were annoyed by Mr. Kingsmill's anti-institutionalism must have recognized that the individualistic standpoint has never been so sensibly, so humanely, so unanswerably expressed. But in an age when nearly everyone belongs to some group or party or sect this volume is not likely to be overpraised. It provides no panacea for anything; it suggests no anodyne against anything; it points to no means of escape from anything.

As a critic Kingsmill brings the whole of his mind and experience of life to bear on his subject, and his judgments are carefully considered and condensed, not slapped down impulsively as if in argument. Within two thousand words he conveys the quintessence of what he feels about P. G. Wodehouse or Winston Churchill or Max Beerbohm or Lloyd George or Walter Scott or Bernard Shaw, and the result is an essay equally remarkable for sanity and wit, the imaginative quality of which is, to the mind of the present reviewer, only comparable to that of Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets".

HESKETH PEARSON.

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